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ON PUGET SOUND

Mt. Rainier from Yakima Park

ON PUGET SOUND

BY

ROBERT WALKINSHAW

Drawings by Jeanie Walter Walkinshaw

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ON PUGET SOUND

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To

THE PIONEERS

OF

PUGET SOUND

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ON PUGET SOUND

ON PUGET SOUND

I

THE BLUE GREEN COUNTRY

PUGET SOUND is an inlet of the Pacific Ocean lost among great mountains. In climate and physical aspect, it is a region apart. Entering it from the east, you feel a contrast not unlike that of coming down out of the Engadine to Lake Como and the plains of Lombardy. You leave the sunburnt lands of Central Washington and begin to climb the Cascades. Grey sage-brush follows you far up the foothills. The higher slopes of the range itself are fledged with the western yellow pine. Then you cross the Divide and descend, before you realize, into a blue green country where tall firs stand like kings' armies; where the sword fern and Oregon grape mingle in a glossy underwood, and mosses

creep over giant windfalls. The valleys open more widely below you. A softer sun falls upon your face. You breathe an air already fragrant with the forest and sea.

In such surprise, you cannot but wonder how this almost hidden water came to be guarded so by its white mountains. Whose were the first adventurous prows that broke its stillness? What strong axes cleared its shores? And wherein is that charm of Nature which, through so many years, has drawn men hither?

The earliest land of the Puget Sound Country appeared in Carboniferous times, when the Cascades were thrust up out of the ocean. Then, came the warm Mesozoic Age. Palm-leaved cycads and low evergreens clothed the base of the mountains. Huge saurians prowled through the fens. During this epoch, also, the hydra-headed mass of the Olympics rose to the westward, and between the two ranges flowed the variously-reaching sea. Later, under smoke-blackened skies, amid seismic cataclysm, the Cascades were thrust still higher. Above them were built the flaming domes of Mt. Baker and Mt.

Rainier, within whose craters the climber may feel, even today, a steamy breath.

When this larger topography had thus been revealed, the glaciers of the Ice Age crept down from the North and filled all the valleys. For untold centuries, the Cascades and the Olympics, like long broken mounds, glistened in the sunlight or lay pale under the stars.

However, the world brightened again; the ice moved slowly down the ridges, bearing into the trough of the Sound its vast burden of rock and drift; the Duwamish, Skagit, Snohomish, Puyallup and Nisqually Rivers washed out their wide deltas; and great firs and cedars grew upon the hills. Then the old earth-energy reasserted itself, albeit less violently, with the result that the basin of the Sound was lifted up and cut by its many rivers and afterwards lowered to be raised at last into its present form.

One cannot guess how long the waves labored against these grey cliffs before the country emerged into history. Those were the magic days of the Wat-tee-tash, of the ancients, when the Indian first called these the waters of Whulge;

when the brave man of the Nisquallies dug his treasure out of the crater of Takhoma with an elkhorn; and Nekhani, the Great Spirit, told his love to Lawiswis, queen of all beauty.

In recorded times, this was the region of Anian whence a mysterious passage was thought to reach the Atlantic, and thus open the long sought route to China and the glittering East. The early discovery of the Strait by the Greek, Juan de Fuca, exactly a hundred years after the coming of Columbus, is now scouted by the historians. But whether truth or legend, his name and exploit were, for two hundred years, carried over the seven seas. Puget Sound continued to be the most baffling water of the western hemisphere. English and Spanish vessels had made numerous voyages up from the Horn and from Peru and Mexico, and the Russians had explored far south of the Alaska coast before its existence became known.

Not until the eve of the American Revolution did the Spaniard, Juan Perez, make the first authentic approach. He strained his eyes eastward between the forty-eighth and forty-ninth

parallels, but in vain. Shortly afterward, the Peruvian, Bodega y Quadra, sailed past unwittingly in his little schooner, the *Sonora*. The great Captain Cook, especially commissioned, among other things, to search out the Strait of Anian, almost made his way into it during the winter of 1778; then turned away in chagrin after having named the extremity of its southern shore, Cape Flattery. Indeed, this became almost a haunted region. Even after the entrance had been found, one of the early navigators, describing the northern reach of Hood's Canal, tells of the weird silence which "was only now and then interrupted by the croaking of a raven, the breathing of a seal, or the scream of an eagle. Even these solitary sounds were so seldom heard that the rustling of the breeze along the shore, assisted by the solemn stillness that prevailed, gave rise to ridiculous suspicions in our seamen of hearing rattlesnakes, and other hideous monsters in the wilderness."

The real discoverer was long supposed to have been the dashing Captain John Meares who, in the summer of 1788, was engaged in trading and

in numerous other ventures out of Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. But some years ago, a manuscript came to light, written in a delicate feminine hand. It proved to be the diary of Captain William Barkley's bride. And therein was revealed not only a romance of the sea but also a record of great historic interest. In the autumn of 1786, this seventeen year old girl of gentle birth had been married to her young sea-roving husband, then in command of the *Imperial Eagle,* a trading ship registered under the flag of the Austrian East India Company. Her own father had performed the ceremony in the Protestant chapel at Ostend, Belgium, where he was minister at the time. Immediately after the marriage, they had set sail for Northwest America. The Captain had fallen ill while crossing the Atlantic and they had spent several weeks in Brazil so that they did not reach Vancouver Island until early the following summer. Mrs. Barkley was the first white woman to look upon these shores. In her diary under date of July, 1787, one can read the thrill of wild adventure as this youth and his

bride headed their ship southward into unknown waters:

> "In the afternoon to our great astonishment, we arrived off a large opening extending to the eastward, the entrance of which appeared to be about four leagues wide and remained about that width as far as the eye could see, with a clear easterly horizon, which my husband immediately recognized as the long lost strait of Juan de Fuca, and to which he gave the name of the original discoverer, my husband placing it on his chart."

Captain Barkley did not follow the Strait any distance, nor did Captain Meares who came into it the next year. A fur trader named Duncan charted the entrance a few months after Meares' return, and brought back information from the Indians around Cape Flattery that "they knew not of any land to the eastward; but that it was *A'ass toopulse,* which signifies a great sea." Still a year later, the enterprising Yankee, Captain Robert Gray, sailed inland a distance of fifty miles. Yet, neither he nor the Spaniard, Quimper, who a short time after him adventured still farther, could have ever suspected fully what a labyrinth of sea spread away to the south.

It was on an April evening in 1792, that eventful year when no less than a score of vessels are known to have been in these Northwestern waters, that the Indians on Dungeness Spit were startled by two craft anchoring close by, greater than any war canoes that had ever crept into the Strait. Their rail was crowded with young, weather-tanned faces. On the taller bridge, stood a youthful looking Englishman of thirty-five, slender, smooth-faced, grey-eyed. This commander had gone to sea at thirteen and, while pupil to Captain Cook, had learned the ports of every ocean. As a midshipman, he had been with his master when, on a stormy March day fourteen years before, they had failed to enter this same strait. In his present ship, the *Discovery,* attended by the *Chatham,* he had now been a twelvemonth out of England. He had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, had seen the new countries of Australia and New Zealand, and was lately come from a winter's sojourn among the Sandwich Islands. The man was Captain George Vancouver.

From the anchorage off Dungeness Spit, he and his men watched the evenglow upon snowy Mt. Kulshan which Lieutenant Baker had pointed out during the afternoon, as they were proceeding hither, and which thereafter was to bear the latter's name. They remained but a couple of nights in the open strait, then made an inlet several leagues to the southeast where they found the shores colored with wild flowers. Here, in what they called Discovery Bay, the two vessels were given over to repairs. During this interval, the northern waters, including Hood's Canal, were explored in open boats. On one such noon, as the Commander and part of his crew were lunching near Marrowstone Point, opposite what is now Port Townsend, they caught sight for the first time of that incomparable mountain which he named for his friend, then Captain, and later Admiral, Rainier. Finally on the eighteenth of May, "the wooding, watering & every other necessary refitting being now compleated" and the naturalist, Menzies, having potted his many live plants "in a frame

on the Quarter Deck," the vessels once more shook out sail and resumed their cautious voyage into this unknown sea.

On coming out of the Bay, the *Chatham* took a course toward the northwest. The *Discovery,* however, sailed slowly southward, up the long isle of Whidby, then skirted the east shore of Bainbridge Island until, after a couple of days, she came to anchor above Restoration Point, and within view of what is now the city of Seattle. The next morning before sunrise, the launch and cutter were swung from the davits. Into one of the boats stepped Lieutenant Peter Puget. His party headed south. Some days later, the Captain himself followed in the same direction and, with his jolly-boat, discovered the large island which he named Vashon after another of his Huguenot friends. In the flowering spring, Puget's men rowed in and out of every bay and inlet, "closing up the arms" to determine the many islands from the mainland and trying that never-ending hide and seek of shore as far as the present Olympia.

One may imagine with what wonder these

English boys looked out upon this hushed and soft-colored world, different from any which they had ever before known—the snow-crested mountains appearing around the headlands, the towering forests, the leaping salmon, the waterfowl rising in vast clouds, the savages vanishing at times and again putting out in their cedar canoes to barter fish and haunches of venison.

Within a week, the *Chatham,* which had also arrived at Restoration Point, turned her prow to the north. Soon also, the *Discovery.* On June 4th both vessels were off the present site of Everett. That day, after a good dinner and a double grog to the health of King George III, the Captain, under discharge of a royal salute, went ashore and, tossing a bit of the soil into the air with his sword, took formal possession of the country in the name of his Britannic Majesty. He called it New Georgia. Then, leaving themselves to be forever afterward a legend here for Indian campfires, they sailed away beyond the horizon.

Near what is now the International Boundary they met a brig and schooner commanded re-

spectively by Don Dionisio Galiano and Don Cayetano Valdez, who also chanced to be exploring in these parts. Out of courtesy, Don Dionisio shared his fresh supplies of milk and cabbages with the Englishmen, whereupon the four vessels made slowly northward in consort.

The first settlers did not build their cabins on these shores until nearly half a century after Vancouver's discovery. It is true that, in the early spring of 1792, shortly after Vancouver entered the Strait, Salvador Fidalgo had sailed his frigate into Neah Bay, not far from Cape Flattery, and had landed some livestock and a pile of Spanish brick. His swarthy seamen had also felled some trees at the mouth of the stream. Such country of wild forest and winter rains could scarcely have been congenial to men only a generation removed from the bright plains of Andalusia and Castile. Anyway, history has it that in the following October, Don Salvador returned and took away his eight head of cattle, his hogs and goats, and his "abundant poultry."

One may now see in the Historical Museum at Tacoma some fragments of brick which were

picked up on the banks of this stream. They are the broad, thin brick which the Spaniard inherited from the Moor, and like those which were built into the walls of the Alhambra. Ultimately Spain relinquished her rights in the Pacific Northwest to the United States, so that these bits of ruin and a few Spanish names are all that are left of her struggle for empire on Puget Sound.

The first occupation was English, and it is thus recorded by one of the Hudson's Bay men in the Journal of Ft. Nisqually:

> *"May Thursday 30, 1833.* While on a trading expedition down Sound last Spring with 8 or 9 men, I applied about 12 days of our time to the erecting of a storehouse 15 feet by 20 & left Wm Ouvrie & two other hands under him in charge of a few Blankets—a couple kegs of Potatoes &c small garden seeds when I returned to the Columbia on 20th of April—"

This building stood near the mouth of Sequalitchew Creek south of Steilacoom. During the following summer a trading post was established on the higher ground nearby.

Twelve years later, the first Americans ap-

peared. Their leader was Michael Simmons, a wilful Kentuckian who had crossed the plains into Old Oregon and who thereafter, partly out of curiosity and somewhat in defiance of the Hudson's Bay Company, brought his party north through the forest from the Cowlitz River. The next year, 1846, with the help of his fellow emigrants, he set up a little grist mill at Tumwater on Budd Inlet. In his train followed those later heroes of the Oregon trail, who made their way hither after they had reached the lower Columbia. A courageous few, however, crossed the Cascades by way of the Naches Pass and came down directly to the shores of the Sound. By the early fifties, smoke was curling above the little clearings which were later to become Olympia, Steilacoom, Seattle and Port Townsend.

As one studies the accounts of this early settlement, which are filled with a great zest of life in spite of many hardships, one can believe that no migration of men ever found so completely the land of its heart's desire. Its weary caravans had come up out of the sharp, changeful

Map of Puget Sound Country

seasons of the midlands into a place beyond the mountains, of such beauty and utter calm that, as one chronicler avows, many of the settlers "expressed the wish that no more white people would come here in their day!"

Enchantment, indeed, rests upon this yet half-discovered country. From across the Pacific, the warm waters of the Japan Current sweep in almost to the Washington coast. To the east, the sage-lands are sometimes scorched by the sun or whitened with winter. But the high mountains, which have been raised up against the outer sea and against the inland plains, protect this region as with fortress walls. Although Puget Sound is in the latitude of Newfoundland and has a northern landscape and semi-arctic twilights, it is blest the whole year through with kindly weather. In summer, the moisture of the ocean winds is cooled by the snows and suffused over the sky, often in an almost imperceptible haze. Even July and August noons are gentle as flowers. And when October is past and the flame of the vine-maple has smouldered down among the underwoods, this moisture of the

winds is turned into greyish cloud. The sunshine is casual. Many of the nights are filled with softly falling rain. But when day breaks, the valleys are always green and at the spring. From beyond the eastern and western mountains, tales of winter storm are like voices spoken in the far distance.

Moreover, from such moist climate this rugged land has taken for investiture a wild and tender beauty. With all its stupendous Nature and savageness of aspect, it has yet a faintness among its greens and ever changing blues and greys, a far-offness, an untouchedness that is almost feminine. One often feels as though one were looking upon a virgin world.

Here is the beauty and stark grandeur of a North that has no harshness. In this, more than in all else, lies the appeal of Puget Sound.

II

UP SOUND

When Captain Vancouver compiled his map of the country, he did not write across it the name of Peter Puget in any such letters as one may read today. According to the log, this worthy lieutenant was ordered to put off one morning from the *Discovery,* which was then anchored above Restoration Point, and to proceed with Mr. Whidby and others up Sound. In the course of his commission, he explored the shoreline from the site of Tacoma to the head of the southern inlets. This reach of water having been thus determined, the Commander recorded that, in order "to commemorate Mr. Puget's exertions, the south extremity of it I named Puget's Sound." However, with the coming of the settlers, the term, in its present form, began to outspread its intended limitations until finally it included the whole of this inland sea.

The original Puget Sound is full of history and natural interest. Here, were the first settlements and here, strangely enough, the edge of the country has still a certain wildness, as in the beginning. As you travel up the Narrows from Tacoma, the tide rushes by you sometimes like a mill race. Again, the waters swirl and break and spread away in polished pools, or chop into uncertain waves that set the boats of the salmon-trollers dancing. South of Steilacoom, you seldom see the smoke of a cabin. You feel only the spirit of mountain and forest and Sound, with white gulls rising and drifting. Then, the swamp-lands at the mouth of the Nisqually River sweep into view like the marshes of Glynn, "low-couched along the Sea." Blue herons stand above the sedge. And all the pools and sinuous little watercourses catch the glint of the sun.

I remember tramping through this lowland one January day some years ago. With a couple of companions, I left the train at Nisqually Station. Our purpose was to visit the Indian Treaty Ground on the banks of She-na-nam. This stream, which empties into the Sound a little

west of the Nisqually, was famous among the pioneers as Medicine or McAllister Creek. Although it was winter, the meadows showed vividly green. Every fence row was garrulous with blackbirds. The air was like that of an eastern April.

We chanced upon an Indian who was cleaning some salmon by the river and inquired of him the way to the Treaty Trees.

"You go yonder," said he, indicating. "After the bridge, go down the Creek."

We obeyed his direction and presently entered a forest. The Nisqually bottoms have never been so intensively tilled as the lands along the Puyallup and the Skagit. One still sees the ruins of mighty trees. On the McAllister Donation Claim nearby grew those great cedars of which the story is told that when this hardy pioneer set about preparing his home site, he was compelled to leave his family some distance away in a temporary cabin. His wife, having fears for his safety, begged him to allow the family to move to the clearing at once. A daughter afterwards wrote, "He laughingly told

mother he had seen two big stumps side by side and if she would live in them, he would take her with him. Mother told him she would go, so father scraped out the stumps and made a roof and mother moved in with her six children. She found it very comfortable, the burnt out roots making such nice cubby-holes for storing away things!"

When we emerged from the forest, we came into open fields brightened by a red barn. White and black cattle were grazing there. We knew that we were near the sea, for though we had no sight of it, the gulls were hovering over a ploughman and his team. By good fortune, we met two men who showed us down the Creek. We remarked that when we had seen the Treaty Ground we would like to row up to the Springs.

"We own the Springs," said one of them nonchalantly, and then laid a course for us from the barn across to the marshes, where they had a duck-shooting lodge and where they assured us we might have the use of their boat.

We then resumed the road and followed down She-na-nam until we saw the Treaty Trees in

the distance. The branches of them were not a little broken and frayed by the wind. There was, however, a certain distinction in these three stalwart firs standing so alone in the wide meadows. On the farther side of the Creek rose a grey wall of shore which was still savage with forest. One felt the contrast between it and the tilled fields and the far, misty sea.

Since the treaty signing in 1854, the setting has changed but little save that firs and great cedars then stood upon what is now open land. Just before Christmas of that year, some men paddled their canoes up from Olympia to clear a place for the tents. When Isaac Stevens, Governor and Indian Commissioner, arrived by schooner with the treaty goods, most of the Nisqually and Puyallup tribes had already assembled. On the day of the twenty-fourth, the Indians waited about in solemn groups, among them the sturdy, square-jawed Leschi. Coming and going between showers one might have seen the tall, redheaded Ben Shaw, master of the Chinook jargon; Michael Simmons, first American settler; and George Gibbs, surveyor and

anthropologist. The Governor, a short, swarthy, military figure, kept to his tent, working industriously on the treaty. His son, little Hazard Stevens, who was spending such a Christmas as few boys have even dreamed, remembered how, in the afternoon, "The Indians swam a band of ponies across the stream," and how the tribes seated themselves on Christmas morning in a semi-circle before the council tent. The Governor spoke a sentence in English which the admirable Shaw, with many gestures, reduced to Chinook. The pow-wow continued for hours until even the impassive faces of the Indians showed weariness. Then they adjourned. On the morrow, the Governor made an address, whereupon the chiefs and all the headmen and delegates signed. The white men followed and, when Hazard Stevens had added his boyish scrawl to the document, the Governor apportioned the treaty goods and the tribes dispersed.

Third among the Indian names was that of "Lesh-high," a name destined to arouse a devastating war and bring its leader ultimately to a shameful death. Did he know the import of

the white man's paper which was to take such wide lands from his people? Is it true that in anger, he tore up the Governor's appointment of him as chief of the Nisquallies and stamped the pieces of it into the ground? Only these ancient, untelling trees now know. However, this bit of picturesque but tragic history was quickly written and this spot returned to its silence of centuries.

When we came back to the red barn, we resumed the highway until we found a by-road leading into the swampland. Our recent acquaintances met us in their boat. The row upstream to the source of McAllister Creek was through a northern everglade. Close on either side of the stream lay an almost impenetrable marsh, a dead marsh that within a few weeks would thrill with life. The everlasting blue and green of the forest had for the moment faded. Instead was grey—the driftwood grey of rustling sedge and flags, the crowding grey stems of elderberry, the grey of willow trunks, and the dark tracery of naked alder branches against grey sky. Moss hung from the beams of an old

bridge. Ferns struggled through the underwood to look out upon the stream.

Along the Creek, we saw the evidence on every hand of a life cycle which was near its ending. The run of the silver salmon was on. This had been the stream of their birth and now having been saved through the many vicissitudes of the sea, they had obeyed at last the imperious impulse and had sought again these same fresh waters in which to spawn and then by ordinance of Nature, to die. Here and there on the surface we saw large fish beating their way slowly against the current. The bodies of others lay rotting along the banks.

Before we expected, we came to the source of the Creek which was a broad, open water shaded on two sides by firs and great alders. Here were the springs of a new Arethusa welling up out of the earth, a subterranean stream which at this place had found its outlet, pursued—who knows—by the god of the neighboring river, Nisqually! In pioneer days, this secluded spot, now all but forgotten, was the scene of many a gay gathering. It is said that, when friends came to visit the settlers in the southern Sound Country, no

hospitality was ever complete without a picnic at McAllister Springs.

"You should see these waters with the sunshine shaken through them," said one of my companions who had rowed over them before. "They flash with the colors of the rainbow. As you drift here on a summer evening, you feel suspended in space. The pools below you seem ethereal."

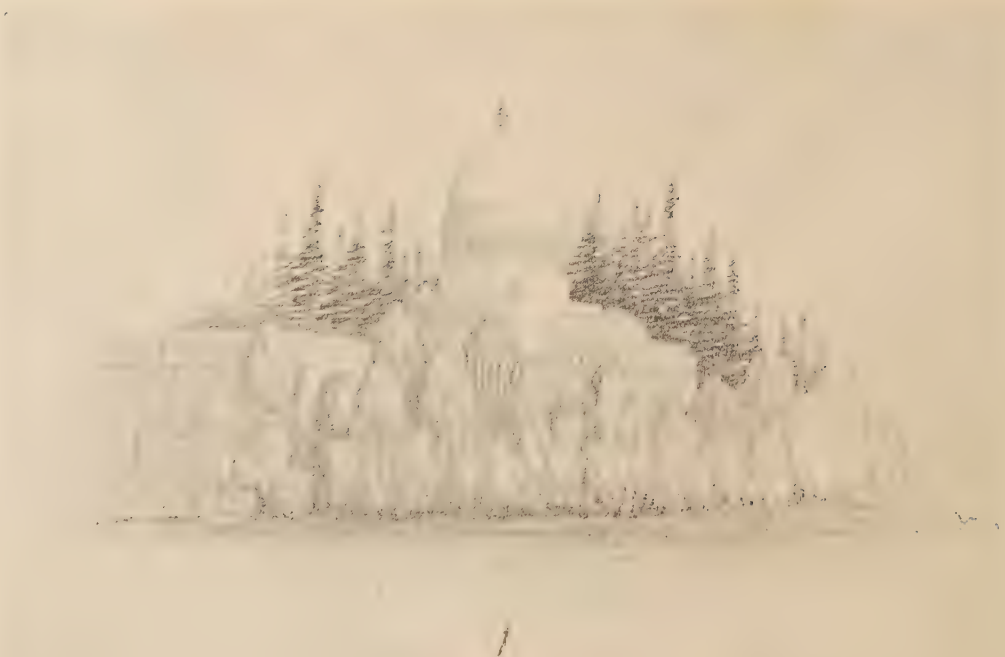
Our eyes searched them for thirty and forty feet, and caught sometimes the flash of a trout. Dark green circles marked the larger pools. Some of them were more than a hundred feet down, weird and fascinating like a tropic sea. Ribbons of strange moss and slender, whorled stems of aquatic plants streamed up out of unknown depths, waving forever languidly toward the light.

Here the salmon, dying and dead, floated like drift upon the water. Beaching our boat, we crossed to a marginal pool under the alders, where we came upon a very maelstrom of death. Against a log, a score of salmon had lodged. Their whitening bodies were fusing into a putre-

fying mass. The water itself churned with fish still alive. Some darted to cover at sight of us; others swam the pool quietly, feebly, for this or the morrow's sunset would be their last.

The highway, within almost a stone's throw of which these springs are hidden, leads south less than ten miles to Olympia, the State Capitol. This city is situated on the easternmost of several bays and passages where the sea clutches farthest inland. When the men of the Oregon Trail left the lower Columbia and pushed up into what are now the western counties of Washington, it was inevitable that they should come out upon one of these many arms of the Sound. And so, not long after Michael Simmons had settled at Tumwater, the pioneer, Sylvester, established his townsite of Olympia, a little distance north, on the same inlet. The following year, 1848, Father Richard built his log mission on the beach a mile and a half still farther north.

When the wife of Governor Stevens, gentle New England lady, looked upon Olympia, at the end of her long journey in 1853, she found "a low, flat neck of land, running into the bay;



State Capitol Overlooking Budd Inlet

down it stretched the narrow muddy track, winding among the stumps which stood thickly on either side. Twenty small wooden houses bordered the road, while back of them on the left and next the shore, were a number of Indian lodges with canoes drawn up on the beach and dogs lounging about." By the late sixties, however, it had been beautified with white, vine-covered houses and maple-shaded streets, so that travellers often spoke of it as a New England village.

The plan of the city is simple enough. If you walk down Fourth Avenue past the oyster wharves to the concrete bridge which stands across the Inlet, you see attractive homes among the second growth fir on the western shore; and below you, to the north, large wharves with lumber tramps tied alongside, and the booming grounds where, amid a wilderness of piling, thousands of logs float like so many brown jackstraws. The steep south shore is dominated by the dome and grey mass of the new Capitol, set against an arras of plumy firs. When the tide is in, the nearer cornices and colonnades are re-

flected in the water below, and at night, when the buildings are illuminated, the Inlet is tremulous with golden light. Looking to the east, you see the typical jumble of the business district, distinguished by the roofs of the old Capitol. Up the shore toward the forest of Priest Park, is the familiar sight of smouldering sawmills. All the immediate country to the east is scattered over with homes, and is beautifully diversified with the white faces of houses and little spiry islands of fir. In the southeast beyond the ultimate rim of forest, Rainier rises faintly blue and white. It is not strange that from here young Hazard Stevens, who was the first to reach its summit, looked upon it as the ever challenging and the all but unattainable.

The oyster wharves on the Inlet, with their barges of shells, remind one that these waters have long been famous for their seafood. Theodore Winthrop, who visited Puget Sound in the summer of 1853, noted in his diary, "Plenty of Ostend oysters." These were the small but delectable Olympias. It was very common in

Olympia during the early days to see an Indian toting a basket of oysters on his back. In the late sixties a Jewish merchant shipped a few sacks to Portland and San Francisco and a little later a retired sea captain who had a restaurant on the waterfront concocted the Olympia pan-roast, a most savory mess of steamed oysters and catsup sauce spread upon buttered toast. The Olympia oyster was then fairly launched and Olympia, in one respect, became henceforth the Baltimore of the Pacific seaboard. In the southern bays, oyster culture has now become an important industry.

Almost any day, when the tide is out, you can descend some wild sand-cliff of Oyster Bay or Skookum Inlet and watch the Japanese oystermen at work. There are no tongmen, as on the Chesapeake, groping with scissorlike rakes fifteen or twenty feet below water nor any ruthless dredges tearing up the ocean-bottom. The Olympia oyster, unlike the oyster in the east, becomes, during the same season, alternately male and female. It must be gently cultivated

and thrives best in water which is not over a half dozen inches at low tide. Far up and down the winding beach under the forested cliffs, you can see lonely pilings to which the barges and floats are tied, and many slender poles planted at intervals, like those which the Indians set for their salmon-nets. These are markers to guide the men in working the beds. The floats are built of two large logs with a trough between. The whole width of the beach is a series of descending, shallow water-beds parted by little concrete dikes. If the oystering be at its height, scores of Japanese may be seen slopping back and forth in their rubber-boots, while the crows and gulls fly watchfully overhead. You will hear the ceaseless clatter of the oyster-rakes and the thud of the shells as they are dumped into the floats. But if it be one of the r-less months, these quiet gardens of the sea present a scene of abandonment and loneliness. The only sign of life is a solitary figure, here and there, half to his knees in the tide, repairing the dikes or scattering cultch.

Olympia has, beside its government offices,

Raking Oysters, Burns Cove

many industries and busy modern buildings. The Bay has been dredged and now, with steamers plying to and fro or at anchor, it has all the appearance of a deep sea port. In drummers' language, it is one of the livest business towns in the state. The great factory chimney at the foot of Capitol Way stands like an exclamation point, accentuating the truth of this. And yet, one tastes here a certain unmistakably old flavor. On the lower streets, there are doorways before which one almost expects to see men with sideburns, wearing derbies and heavy watch-chains, and waiting to be photographed as in the early pictures of Seattle and Tacoma. Also, the Sylvester house on Capitol Way and many of the homes along Columbus Street and East Bay Drive retain a gentility that has all but passed from what were once the other first settlements on the Sound.

One can understand why, quite aside from political fortune, the officials who come from the larger cities to sojourn here between elections, and the legislators who throng its streets every biennium, all have a lingering affection for the

place. Sometimes, it reminds one of those parts of Victoria which lie beyond Government Street and the Parliament Buildings. Like its northern prototype, which is the most English city in Canada, Olympia was not only settled early, but it had the immediate assurance and prestige of a capital city. Not having had to worry particularly about its destiny, it was content to live along pleasantly, to reflect and to develop a character almost provincially American.

This impression deepens as you wander about that beautiful, shady park in front of the old Capitol. Despite its execrable monument to a worthy man, it lays a quiet hand upon the soul. Swept by the breezes from the sea, its locusts and maples sway in the sunlight all day long and scatter the sward with tender shadows. And at the corner next the Inlet, is a stone which marks the northern end of the Oregon Trail. What bourn was this of countless dreams! Hither as toward the portals of a newer heaven and a newer earth journeyed the covered wagons lurching, rumbling slowly and ever on, with their bearded men and sun-bonneted women—

"Long miles ahead, they saw the stately daylight fading;
Each new morn, new light shone in their weary eyes."

With what feelings did they look at last upon the country of their hopes after what must have seemed to them years of unending travel? Not with exultation if one may believe the old diaries, nor with any feeling of triumph. They were spent, bewildered, depressed sometimes almost unto death; and awed by the strangeness of the sea and by the overwhelming forest against which they were now to pit their strength.

In Olympia, the pioneer has retained to no small degree his first ascendancy, and nowhere is there nearer to hand the authentic material of history. As instances, you may see on the way to Tumwater, somewhat back from the road, a farmhouse among the trees. A gracious old lady still lives there who will show you keepsakes and tell you many things of her father, General Isaac Stevens, first Territorial Governor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, energetic and dominating figure of the early Puget Sound Country and hero of the Civil War.

On a lower street of Olympia stands a grey, slender-spired church, the building of which was the occasion of the most famous pioneer story of the southern Sound. The Judge of the Municipal Court, if you find him in chambers, will recall it for you, while his clerk will sometimes add a detail, for he too is a pioneer and knew at least one of the principals.

"My father," the Judge will tell you, "was Captain Crosby, retired from sea. He kept a little store at Tumwater in the fifties and owned the sawmill there. One morning De Vore came in. Everybody knew De Vore. He was a six-foot Methodist preacher, the greatest money raiser in the country. Father looked up, 'Well, De Vore, what are you wanting now?' 'Captain,' said he, 'we've got to have a church for our people in Olympia and,' rubbing his hands, 'seeing, Captain, that you, well, that you have the mill' —'Look here, De Vore," my father turned on him, 'I've never seen you or any of you damned preachers, for that matter, do a hard day's work in my life. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll let you have for your church as much lumber as you can

tote over to the River and raft with your own hands in a day!' 'Thank you, thank you, Captain,' said the preacher as he walked out. Father didn't think anything more about it till a few mornings after, when he went down to the mill, as he always did before breakfast. There he saw some fellow in a white shirt working like a beaver. If it wasn't De Vore! He kept at it all morning. About eleven o'clock, Father said, 'De Vore, better come up to the house and have a bite with us.' 'Thanks, Captain, I can't stop. I have a snack in my coat.' He quit at sundown for he had figured it so as to catch the ebb."

"When he got his raft together," the Clerk may add, "and climbed aboard, the tide carried him past Olympia and beached him down the Inlet. He had to wait for the turn before he could get back."

"That's right," the Judge will rejoin. "And do you know, sir, De Vore rafted enough of my father's lumber in one day to build his church from the ground to the steeple!"

I remember having once been in Tumwater and having stopped at a store near the bridge over

the Des Chutes River, to ask the site of Michael Simmons' mill. The proprietor came out with me and, standing on the bank, pointed down the canyon.

"There, under the left bank, in a little offset," said he, "for I have been here most all my life and I remember some old timbers. My father knew the spot."

"Your father was—?"

"Hewitt, Captain Hewitt, head of the volunteers in the Indian war!"

"By the way," he added, "you may not know that a son of Michael Simmons is still living on a ranch down here on one of the Inlets."

In Olympia, if you cannot clear up a point of history by talking to the first old citizen whom you meet, he will likely name you two or three others who are sure to know.

Outside the city proper, there is a delightful walk along East Bay Drive to Priest Park which is the site of St. Joseph's Mission. Much of the distance, a low hill rolls down to the Drive, with forest and lawns and paths winding up to half-hidden houses. When you come into the Park

you are startled at the sight of peafowl roaming wild among the timber. Their barbaric, flashing plumage is not out of color with the dark green beauty of the firs. In a ruined orchard by the beach you come upon a blackberry tangle where a few stones mark the historic place.

Not much is remembered of this Mission. It was closed after a few years but it was the first establishment of the Catholic Church in these parts. Some stories of it still survive which remind one of the Spanish padres. A young orchard was planted in the shadow of the firs. Geraniums and great wallflowers grew about the Mission steps. And pioneers have told how, after the good Father Ricard had taught the Indians to chant, they would often begin singing as they worked. Then from the fields or from the forest others would catch up the tune until it reached the clam-diggers on the beach and the fishermen far out on the Bay.

The most historic ground, of course, is Tumwater Falls at the extreme southern end of Budd Inlet. One goes out Capitol Way, and then follows along the steep, eastern shore a mile or

more, and descends to the little river which curves down out of the hills. As Michael Simmons later became familiar with the grey sand and gravel bluffs that form the shores of the upper Sound, he must have wondered often at the good fortune which brought him to this one Inlet, for this, unlike any of the others, has its shallow canyon of igneous rock. Down it, in two falls, the river tumbles into the sea. Today, Tumwater consists of a pulp plant, a decrepit sawmill and on either side of the river a scattering of suburban bungalows. Every trace of the gristmill is gone. The walls of the canyon have grown wild almost as a century ago, and once more the water ousel flits through the spray. Yet here were the beginnings of Americanism on Puget Sound.

III

ACROSS THE NISQUALLY PLAINS

After the young Scotch surgeon, Dr. Tolmie, had seen the Hudson's Bay post established on the high shore near the mouth of Sequalitchew Creek, in the summer of 1833, he set out with a party of Indians to explore the foothills of Mt. Rainier. His way led at first across beautiful, open country. On his first day's journey, he set down in his journal how "we cantered slowly along the prairie and are now at the residence of Nuckalkut's father, under the shade of a lofty pine, in a grassy amphitheatre beautifully interspersed and surrounded with oaks, and, through the gaps in the circle, we see the broad plain extending southwards to Nisqually. In a hollow immediately behind us is a small lake whose surface is almost one sheet of waterlilies about to flower."

The unusual topography of this region is the result of glaciers. The grey masses of the Ice Age, when they began to retreat northward, left in their wake, between the Puyallup and Nisqually Rivers, a great outwash plain. Tall grass grew over it and little groves of garry oak. But when the white man came, the firs descended from the hills and began their ominous advance, so that now the Nisqually Plains have been transformed into a half-forested evergreen park.

During the World War this porous soil provided one of the best drill-grounds in the United States. The great cantonment of Ft. Lewis was established midway between Tacoma and Olympia and is still maintained there. Its area is so great that a captain can march his company due north or south for a whole afternoon and still bivouac within its borders.

In no other way except on foot can one come to know fully the charm of these plains. One April morning lately, a friend and I started from the Ft. Lewis Gate for an all day tramp. We planned to bear southeast until early afternoon, then take our course north to Lake

Spanaway. Wishing to escape the sight of barrack roofs as quickly as possible, we abandoned the road and made directly across country.

Soon we came into one of the lesser prairies. The clouds, as though they could not do otherwise in spring, and especially upon fields such as these, were presently upon us. They laid down a drumfire of sleet. Then the rain advanced against us in long spearing lines. After a little while the sun broke, and all the fir sprays and grasses glistened.

This open country was set with clumps of the grey-barked garry oak, not more than two or three times the height of a man. The trunks of them were so slender that at first sight they seemed only seedlings. But they had the angular branching and crabbed age familiar in the trees of old Chinese masters. Solemnly they stood with heads thrust together, as though in never ending secret converse. Once we came upon a lofty oak like those still to be found about Victoria and on the southern end of Vancouver Island. Gathered about it were several smaller ones no different from those we had already seen.

We wondered whether some such stalwart tree had not once stood also in the midst of these other groups, so that what we now looked upon was but a pigmy progeny standing above the place of some vanished ancestor. These dwarfish trees can never aspire like the firs, nor lead such dark romantic lives, but they endure from season to season. They are an imperishable beauty of the Nisqually Plains.

Beyond the first prairie, we entered a forest of evergreens, where the oaks and the firs had long been at war with each other. The oak is an individualist, a soldier of the open; the fir, by contrast, is gregarious. It advances in a mass formation such as no oak can withstand. All about us we found the oaks broken and scattered. Deeper among the firs, we saw the ghostly forms of many others still standing, with white limbs writhing through the smothering green.

Much of this forest was less than a century old. I have seen a crude sketch by the Englishman, Coleman, of the Nisqually Plains as they appeared in the sixties. It shows a far, open

country spreading away toward the cone-like mountain of Rainier. Grass waist-high then grew among the little oak groves, and Dr. Tolmie is said to have pastured on these plains sometimes as many as thirty thousand head of horses and sheep and long horned Spanish cattle. However, the Company's British and French-Canadian servants, on ending their apprenticeships, often married Indian wives and took up land along the edges of this wide domain. They pastured herds on their own account, especially of sheep and so ruthlessly that by the seventies, the grass had been eaten out, root and blade. Also, many settlers who had here set up their farmsteads abandoned them after a while because of the too gravelly soil. Thereupon, the firs began to spring up. There has been nothing in these after years to stay their growth. A pioneer at Steilacoom once told me that when the men galloped across the prairie in 1858 to witness the execution of Chief Leschi, the firs could already be seen on every hand but they were then only high enough to brush a horse's flank.

We made our way slowly through the twilight

of this young forest. The trees did not have the open and orderly grandeur of the forests in the Cascades or in the Olympics. Rather they seemed to have leaped from the soil all at the same instant, like warriors from dragon's teeth, and to have ever since been struggling for a place in the sun. They were interbranched and jostled together so densely that neither the vine-maple nor the sword fern grew in their shade. The floor was carpeted with green and yellow mosses. Only the kinglet, needling in and out among the upper branches, broke the stillness.

Keeping to the southeast for several miles, we came into one of those vast, unimprisoned spaces which still remain as in early times. Not even an oak was here. The young grass waved in tender distances, far off to the shadowy firs. One felt the excellent loneliness of earth and sky and the clean winds. Here was not a prairie in the wide meaning of Montana or the Dakotas, with reach beyond reach of tireless land fading into the farther sky. On the plains of Nisqually one is ever conscious of limitations. The mountains are round about. Often there is the glisten of

water, and there is also the friendly forest, distant at times, but always near enough for shelter.

As we crossed here, the sun was pouring down through showery clouds. The ground lay enriched with violets and white bloom of strawberries. Buttercups shimmered everywhere. Above the wilderness of the grass, rose the bronze bells tolling their brown-mottled bloom against the breeze.

Here too we found the purple blue flowers of the camass which evoked the Indian past of Puget Sound. The bulb, which seldom grows larger than the end of a man's thumb, was the Indian's delectable food. He brayed it into a paste and dried it for winter use. Dr. Tolmie always had trouble with the Puyallups and Nisquallies when one of his herders trampled their camass fields.

These plains were once rich with Indian color. The natives of the Sound Country were the deep-chested and strong-armed canoemen, and quite unlike the tall, lithe horsemen of Eastern Washington. They did not dwell far inland, for they were never altogether at home when out

of sight of the sea. But they often resorted hither. These wide fields of grass under the sunlit sky must have been a not unwelcome relief from the untiring roll of the tides and the gloom of the forest. Indeed, the Nisquallies had large numbers of horses and were of closer kin than any other Puget Sound tribe with the Klickitats and Yakimas east of the Cascades. Over these plains many Sound tribes hunted the elk and the chevreuil, as the Hudson's Bay men called the deer, and hither in Maytime they often came after the winter rains. An early settler has described how, riding from Olympia to Tacoma, one spring day he came upon a party of them, "some gathering strawberries on the prairie, some had gathered and eaten to repletion and were in various recumbent positions on the ground, some awake and some sleeping in the warm sunshine." And when the camass bloomed, what guttural gossip among the squaws as they dug the roots, what languid curl of smoke above the campfires, what dogs, and straying ponies, and romp of savage children!

From this widest prairie we could look toward

the Cascades and the region of the Naches Pass which stands memorial both to the coming into the Puget Sound Country of the new race and the vanishing of the old.

One marvels at the pith and brawn of those first men and women whom Nelson Sargeant, in the autumn of 1853, led down that half-chopped road from the Pass to these prairies! Again and again wedged between the unconquerable firs, snagged against ragged stumps, floundering through black bogs, dismantling their wagons and dragging them part by part over giant windfalls, they came finally to what seemed an impassable cliff.

I once heard a man recount the incident, who, as a lad of nine, had crossed with this band of settlers.

"When we came to that cliff," sketching the scene roughly on a piece of paper, "I remember my mother holding me by the hand as we looked over the edge. 'This is surely the jumping-off place at last,' she said. I see it yet, a steep fall of maybe thirty feet and from there a sharp slope down for seven or eight hundred feet more.

The men tied together all the ropes they had and tried to measure to the bottom. The line would not reach. The leader, James Biles, called out, 'Kill a steer!' They cut the fresh hide into strips and spliced it to the ropes but it was still too short. Then he ordered them to kill two more steers, and when the hides of these had been cut and tied, they lashed the end of the rope around a fir tree and eased the wagons down the mountain-side, twenty-eight or nine of them I think they were, in all."

Scarcely a half dozen years passed. The cabins of the white men now stood by the edge of this timber and along the shores of the Sound. The Indian War was on. From east of the Cascades the Klickitats had joined with the Snoqualmies and the Nisquallies. Blood had been spilled, the blood of some of these same men who had crossed the Naches Pass. At last, the Indians were hopelessly broken. Then Chief Leschi, with a few warriors and their women and children, escaped on horseback across these autumn plains into the foothills. They made their way through the Pass over the hard

crusted snow into the country of his mother's people. Ultimately, he was to be betrayed, not for thirty pieces of silver but for fifty Hudson's Bay blankets. With the death of Leschi, the curtain fell on the drama of the Indian in the Sound Country.

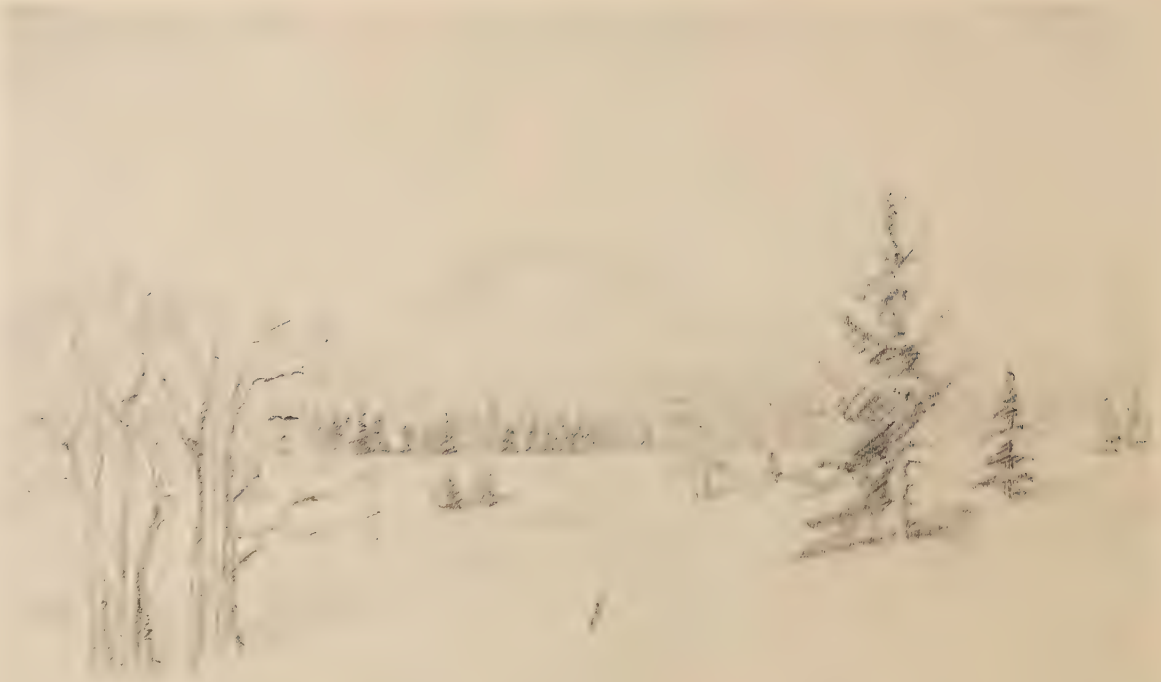
Passing a corridor between some timber, toward which we had been tending, we debouched upon another sweep of wide, grey-green plain. I remember we saw here our only horned lark, cousin to the skylark of the English poets. It was light grey and wore on its crown the unmistakable black feather-tuft curved laterally backward. Hither and yon it darted like the arrant spirit of spring, dropping suddenly down among the grass.

We thought we had left the drill-grounds and all the furniture of war behind us. But, even here, miles from the barracks, we had not yet crossed the boundary of the cantonment. Old phone wires snaked along the ground, telling of some artillery range; and often in the most unexpected corners of the wood we came upon mouldering trenches and gabions made of fir-

brush. Here not so many years ago, the youth of this far western empire had played at mimic war against the day when they should march across other and bloodier fields. When men heard the shot in Serajevo, who was there to say that before it ceased to echo, it would set young men to digging up the camass fields on the plains of Nisqually?

Turning to the north, we descried, in the distance, the marks of a different forest, not the great masses of the firs but stipplings of brushy blues and greens. And as we came nearer, we saw the trunks reaching like columns up through the scattered branches, encrusted with the familiar, segmented bark of the western yellow pine. They did not have, however, the sunbrown color which makes these trees so picturesque on the hills of Eastern Washington. The larger trees stood in the open and alone; the lesser ones were gathered in airy, sunlit groves, disposed as in some limitless pleasure ground.

In such contrast, one finds the unique beauty which is of this region. The soil is a black silt spread thinly over the glacial gravel. Sustained



Mt. Rainier from the Nisqually Plains

agriculture is impossible. These plains although surrounded by the rank growth and heavy forest of the humid Sound Country, are in reality semi-arid, not for want of rain but by reason of the porous soil through which the heavy rains filter almost as soon as they fall. Before midsummer, the grass turns brown like ripened grain. And nowhere else on Puget Sound, can one find those lovers of the sunburned slopes, the horned lark and the western yellow pine.

In this idyllic grove, we realized how, after all, the prairies of Nisqually were but a gardened foreground to Mt. Rainier. In the late afternoon, when we were well on our way to Lake Spanaway, the mountain discovered itself to us in gleaming majesty. It rose almost out of the flowery lands before us. Then slowly its base became lost in evening mist, until its snowfields seemed to hang in the sky.

If one seek here the really historic places, one must explore not south but north of the Ft. Lewis Gate. For the historian of the Sound Country, there is probably no more interesting ground than that between Ft. Nisqually and

Old Steilacoom. It is true that Easterners have more than once smiled over what the people of this New West have pleased to call history. I recall that when William James made his visit to the Pacific Coast many years ago, he wrote back to his brother Henry that he was delighted with its scenery and with the enthusiasm of its people but, like a true New Englander, he added mournfully, "The historic silence fairly rings in your ears when you listen!" And yet no one knew better than he, how relative is this thing to which men give the name of history and of which they are so prone to boast. There is a solace to that people which, in the absolute sense, has not acquired the sanctities of age; it is the fullness of its years rather than the number of them.

After all, there *is* history here as the great philosopher must have known. For surely he must have heard of those epic scenes which, in the times of the Red Gods, were enacted beside these waters, when the animals of the land and sea made war against the animals of the sky, and shot their arrows in such mighty throng that they were able to clamber to the stars over the

bridge of them; when Beaver swam across the river of the Milky Way and stole the gift of fire; when Speow, thrice taller than the firtree, climbed through the hole in the clouds and brought back the sun and the stars and the box of daylight. Or of those later but still distant days when, to this country of Fu Sham, strange vessels came trading from across the western sea. The Pacific, not the Atlantic, is the really ancient coast of America.

However, the authentic history of Puget Sound is to be read for the most part, in the tough vellum pages of the unglamorous but unvanquishable Anglo-Saxon. Spain has left here only a trace of faded gold. When the Spaniard withdrew, this rich country, like the eastern seaboard, fell into the hands of the English-speaking race.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which was already established at Ft. Vancouver on the Columbia River and at Ft. Langley on the Fraser, chose the edge of this prairie for its midway post. In June, 1833, Dr. Tolmie could write in the *Journal*, "two ploughs at work on

an endless plain & a ship riding at anchor before the camp is a scene, I venture to say not very common in the Indian country, far less at a new Settlement." When the pioneers saw the livestock pasturing this deep grass, many of them fenced off their farms in the vicinity. For nearly half a century there was enacted here and on the nearby shores, the early and romantic history of these men and the Hudson's Bay Company. The center of English occupation was Ft. Nisqually; that of American occupation was Ft. Steilacoom and Old Steilacoom on the Sound. Hostilities never threatened as they afterwards did in the San Juan Islands. This whole region north of the Columbia River was held under a treaty of joint possession. Beneath the diplomatic amenities, however, each side sought to win control of it permanently. At last, overwhelmed by that American immigration which was inspired by Jason Lee and by Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, the British yielded, and the Hudson's Bay interests were finally bought out by the United States Government.

Within a half hour's tramp north from the

Ft. Lewis Gate, one comes out upon a grassy stretch where a low porched house is settled behind ancient locusts. Here was the home of the last factors of Ft. Nisqually. It is not distinctively English. Rather, it is such an old farmhouse as one might find among the Scotch districts of Ontario. Hard by, stands a log granary, written over with the runes of the years. It was built in 1844 and is the oldest historic monument in the State.

These two structures are all that is left to recall this life of the forties and fifties of the last century. On the factor's porch hangs the copy of a water-color by Coleman, showing what an assemblage of buildings once stood here. The fifteen foot stockade, with the bartizan towers had not yet been built, so that one has a plain view of the jumbled warehouses, smithies, barns, granaries, and one-story cabins.

Probably no Hudson's Bay post was so patriarchal as Ft. Nisqually at the time the settlers first came upon these plains. In the beginning, before Dr. Tolmie had been promoted to factor, it did a thriving business with trappers

and Indians. As factor, however, he and his successor, Edward Huggins, not only conducted a trading post, but under the separate corporation of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, devoted themselves actively to stock-raising and agriculture.

In the *Journal of Occurrences at Ft. Nisqually*, many pages of which are written with sharp pen, by the Doctor himself, one may follow this colorful life down through the years. The first days are pictured in entries such as these:

"*September, Monday 23, 1833.* A few beaver bartered for traps the price of which Mr. Heron has lowered from 3 to 2 skins."

"*August 23, 1834, Saturday.* We have now about us 300 Indians belonging to eight different tribes. A Chief by name Babillard got into a scrap with me but the coward soon drew in his horns."

"*September 20, 1834, Saturday.* The wheat all in the ground—Gave two young Indian Lads each a drubbing for riding our horses."

"*December 25, 1834, Thursday, Christmas.* All hands were allowed the best I had in the fort, say ducks, Venison & each a half pint of Rum. All quiet and no Indians. Mild weather but cloudy."

"*January 22, Thursday, 1846.* Showery. S. E. Montgomery, Edgar and McLeod have commenced an

Factor's House, Ft. Nisqually

endeavor to count the horned Cattle in the plains, so as to ascertain how the real number may agree with that on Inventory. White men making coopers for dressing shingles on. Lanier commenced dressing the long shingles 3 ft. for covering store with. Angus McDonald cleaning Oats by wind—50 bushels cleaned."

The Sunday entries during the early years are eloquent in their briefness. Time and again appears only the phrase, "Nothing in particular," with a peculiar trailing down of the final *r* as though the pious man were yawning as he wrote!

The American pioneer, who was ultimately to bring an end to British dominion in these parts, casts his shadow across the record within a few months after the Michael Simmons party reaches the head of Budd Inlet.

"*Monday, February 8, 1846.* Some Americans arrived this evening from New Market Chute River for beef and groceries of which they are to have a bullock each of the former and of the latter small supplies of coffee sugar and molasses."

To turn through the entries in this old *Journal* is to read history literally, for here is the diary of civilization on Puget Sound in the beginning. It is to live over again those far days

in their quiet and sometimes thrilling succession, to see once more the longhorned Spanish cattle upon the plains, the crude, oak-wheeled carts jolting down to the wharf at the mouth of the Sequalitchew, the axemen laboring at the edge of the timber, the squaws gathering under the stockade for the sheep shearing, the planting of gardens and the sowing of grain, and the treading of it out under the heavy feet of oxen, sometimes the dashing up of painted Yakimas or Klickitats from beyond the Cascades, or the scowling faces of the Nisquallies come to complain of their ruined camass fields. Within the stockade, one can hear the ring of smithies down the long afternoon, and note the coming and going of servants among the buildings, and see at his botanies, Dr. Tolmie, shrewd, kindly, side-whiskered Scotchman.

It was hither one August day in 1853, that a tanned, moccasined youth came up the dusty road from the beach. He was in his early twenties, lithe, vital, clear-eyed. Following him, was a couple of towseled Clallams, none other than the "Duke of York" and his squaw, "Jenny

Lind." With a crew of four, they had been some days at sea together, having paddled or floated with the tide all the way from Port Townsend. This was Theodore Winthrop, who, at such an early day, found himself a wanderer through this all but unknown country. His *Canoe and Saddle* was the first and is still, the only writing which gives adequate expression to the grandeur and promise of Puget Sound.

From the factor's *Journal,* one knows the pastoral scene into which he came at old Nisqually:

> *"Tuesday, 23rd August, 1853.* Fine. Very warm. Thermom. 90° in the shade. Chaulifoux and the Kanakas at Oxshed. Indian Gang Cutting Barley. Lagg & Cattle Gang caught & brought home a steer. Oxen employed handling firewood. One horseteam out after Beef, the other Carrying Rails for Oxshed. Moar sent down the Sound with the Beef. Evening arrived from Victoria a Mr. Winthrop who accompanied Dr. Tolmie.
>
> *"Wednesday, 24th August, 1853.* Fine. Chaulifoux & hands employed as before. Gang Forenoon binding Oats. Afternoon digging Potatoes. Moar & Gullion employed in Slaughterhouse, a Horse Wagon & Cart Carrying Rails to repair fencing around large field in American plain, one Horseteam out after Beef. Oxen hauling Goods from Beach store. Trade very brisk in Sale Shop. Took upwards of $400.00 principally

from Klickatats, a party of whom with the Chief Houchai have Just arrived with a band of Horses. Mr. Winthrop having obtained 3 Horses and an Indian Guide from the Klickatats left for the Dalles by way of the Mountains."

And so, with his saddle-bags full of hardtack and pork, and with pieces of gnarled cedar-root which on "experimental whittling proved to be cured ox-tongue," he crossed the Naches Pass and descended into the endless sagelands of the Columbia, riding, as he said, ever eastward, "day after day through throngs of immigrants with their flocks and their herds and their little ones in a great patriarchal caravan, with their white-roofed wagons strewed over the surging prairie . . . . moving away from the tame levels of mid-America to regions of fresher and more dramatic life on the slopes toward the Western Sea." In the late autumn he reached rail's end at St. Louis to fall a few years after in 1861 at the battle of Great Bethel.

A third of a mile west of Ft. Nisqually, one discovers a beginning of Americanism which antedates by several years the coming of Michael

Simmons to Tumwater. It is a mound of rocks which once formed the cabin chimney of the Reverend John P. Richmond. This good man was not a settler but a missionary to the Indians. The place was soon abandoned. He is remembered, however, by the part which he had in a Fourth of July celebration which happened nearby, and which is said to have been the first west of the Mississippi River. In the summer of 1841, Lieutenant Wilkes, who a few years later dragged Mason and Slidell off the British mail steamer, *Trent,* was engaged in a survey of these waters. During July, his vessel, the *Vincennes,* was anchored at the mouth of the Sequalitchew. The Fourth chancing to fall upon the Sabbath, he allowed his men the freedom of the following Monday.

Early that morning, all went ashore and climbed the bluff south of the Creek, to where an observatory had recently been completed. There they formed a procession. Old Slugamas Koquilton, later chief but then in the employ of the trading post, remembered that "they were dressed in Sunday clothes, all in white. One

soldier went in front and carried a flag, and the men following him had drums and horns and were making music. The soldiers marched in four lines. They all stepped as one man." But Slugamas strangely enough failed to mention Vendovi, a "Fiji chief, dressed partly in European & Fiji costumes & bringing up the rear with the Master at Arms who had care of him." This man, because of some depredation on his native island, was being held by the Captain as hostage. By official report, he entered into the festivities with great enthusiasm. After marching a short distance to Ft. Nisqually, where a cheer was given for the Hudson's Bay men, they paraded across the Sequalitchew and came into Mission Prairie, probably within sight of the missionary's cabin. Here an ox had already been spitted on a sapling and was being barbecued. When dinner was piped, everybody fell to, the men at their rustic tables and the Indians on the grass, with their rations in their hands. The officers, having as their guests, Factor Anderson and others from the post lunched at the observatory. It was expected that Dr. John

McLoughlin, famous factor of Ft. Vancouver, would be of the party but he became lost on his way hither.

Before the racing began, Lieutenant Wilkes spoke a few words. The Reverend Richmond made the principal address. It was a thrilling prophesy of the civilization which within a century would possess these shores and the Nisqually Plains. Then the celebration was adjourned to a natural course which lies a little south of the present Nisqually buildings. There, the Indian horses were led out. The marines chose their mounts. We are told of wild plunging and many a cropper as the animals felt these awkward white phantoms on their backs! At last, the sun fell low across the firs. The musicians were reassembled and the men, with many a stain on their "clean white frocks and trousers," began their march back to the ship.

Next day, Dr. McLoughlin arrived, full of regrets at having missed the occasion. One of the officers of the *Vincennes* described the White Headed Eagle as a "tall, dignified-looking man,

with a fair complexion and I should judge his age to be nearly seventy."

It is interesting country, all the way from Ft. Nisqually to Lake Sequalitchew and thence to Steilacoom. One summer morning I left the factor's house and took my direction northeast, keeping also west of the Creek and breaking my way sometimes through tangles of service-berry and cotton leaf willow. Once I came into a cloistered meadow where wild strawberries were ripening. Then, skirting the prairie, I made toward the timber which fringed the lake. I tramped through blue grass, knee-deep, such as must have grown upon these plains in Hudson's Bay times. In the distance, lay Sequalitchew stippled over with lilies.

Desiring to cross all the way to the other wing of this historic stage, I turned away from the lake and came out again upon the plain. Far, almost as one could see, it was golden with Scotch broom. In places the kinnikinick spread its glossy wintergreen over the ground, and creamy-white plumes of sego waved in the wind.

In a few miles I reached the site of Ft. Steilacoom.

The Federal government long ago abandoned the ground as a military post. Thereupon it was taken over by the State and has ever since been an insane asylum. However, you still see under the maples a row of yellow cottages where Sherman, Howard, Pickett and the redoubtable Colonel Casey were once stationed.

The early fort stood a little to the east. It was a hollow square at the edge of the timber. On one side were the log cabins of the officers, on another the men's barracks, on the third side, the storehouses and stables, and on the fourth, a row of army wagons.

At the outbreak of the Indian War, this became a place of wild excitement. Cabins in distant clearings were nailed up; wagons with canoes lashed to either side were floated across the rivers; and so for days there was a continuous trek into this hollow square on the edge of the prairie. Women carried their babies Indian-fashion on their backs; wagons were dragged in

full of furniture and bedding and with the inevitable chicken-coop on top; sheep and cattle and hogs ran hither and yon through clouds of dust; and lost children screamed for their parents. Colonel Casey was in dismay but reported afterwards, that he cared for them as best he could.

There is no more royal road anywhere than that which leads in broom time down through the firs from the site of Ft. Steilacoom to the village on the Sound. People have often wondered how this unnative broom came to grow in this country so profusely. The true account seems to be that the Catholic Sisters brought with them some roots of it at the time they founded their convent in Old Steilacoom. For long stretches on either side, this road is one glorious high hedge of gold. Every spray hangs down prostrate with bloom. One can thrust one's arms into it or gather it up in handfuls and fling it to the winds like rain.

Before long I came in sight of the Sound and descended a gentle slope. Grass grew high along the fences. Old houses stood among apple

trees. There was no stir upon the shore; only the beauty of the sea and, in the quiet streets, the sense of life that had long since departed. I sought out what was once the courthouse, a simple frame building, and saw the Catholic church which had been removed hither from the Fort. And white through the apple shade I saw the old brick jail with its teetering chimney.

What strange dealing of the cards of Fate! Here was to have been the great city of the Sound Country, and the capitol of the State of Washington. As an old journalist afterward wrote, "In 1852 its proprietors regarded themselves as the possessors of the key of the future commerce of the world!" Balch and Chapman had rival townsites each with its store, its hotel and its beginnings of a metropolis. Chapman soon faded from the scene but Balch was a man of parts. He had sailed his schooner around the Horn all the way from Maine, laden with goods and a fabricated house. And when, after many months at sea, he sailed up the Sound to its farthest end at Olympia and discharged his cargo and the jealous owner of that particular town-

site asked him an outrageous price for land, he pronounced a baleful curse upon him, reloaded his schooner and again put to sea, at last to set up his house and "undo his corded bales" here upon this beautiful beach. Henceforth between Olympia and Steilacoom there was to be not peace, but wordy war.

What color and bustle might one not have seen in or about the Light Hotel during the early fifties! The town then numbered more than a hundred souls. Thrice as many Indians lived in shacks along the shore. The main street in spite of its stumps boasted a butchershop, a drugstore on whose shelves were all the patent medicines of the day, a jeweler and two or three groceries. On a side street stood a livery, a forge and, but a few blocks away, a brewery. The "Puget Sound Courier" clattered off the press every week. A dancing school advertised "Dash Away, Boys," and "Portland Fancy." Bluecoats from the Fort came and went and among them, young Captain George Pickett who in a few years was to lead the last hope of the Confederacy at Gettysburg. In the roadstead lay as many as

An Old Street, Steilacoom

six or seven ships at a time. One could have heard the timbers plunging down the rollways, like distant thunder. And when Sunday night came, the Reverend De Vore who had not yet built his church at Olympia, could have been seen pounding his pulpit while the worldy ear might have caught, from the little brick jail nearby, the screech of the jailer's fiddle and the thud of many feet as the free loggers and squaw-men made merry over his floor.

And all this at a time when Olympia and Seattle and Port Townsend could scarcely be called settlements. Indeed, the county in which Steilacoom is situated was named December 21, 1852, in honor of the brilliant young Franklin Pierce, who a few weeks before had defeated General Winfield Scott for the Presidency, while the adjoining county which contains the city of Seattle was called after the less conspicuous but honorable W. R. King of Alabama, Vice-President.

In and about this frontier village by the sea was enacted the final tragedy of Leschi. The Indian War for which he was considered respon-

sible ended in 1856. In the autumn the Chief returned from his refuge east of the Cascades to his home on the Nisqually Plains. Upon his capture he was brought to trial in this old courthouse for murder. When the case went to the jury, Ezra Meeker and Father Kincaid, stout old churchman, held out for acquittal. The following day the jury was discharged and the Chief remanded to the Fort. The venue was then changed to Olympia and a conviction had the following spring. The Supreme Court affirmed. Asked if he had anything to say on sentence, Leschi rose in native dignity, a strong, square-built man, with aquiline nose and piercing, brown eyes. After again avowing his innocence of the specific crime, he reminded the Court that the death for which he was charged had occurred in course of war, adding with lofty pathos, "I went to war because I believed that the Indians had been wronged by the white men and did everything in my power to beat the Boston Soldier, but for lack of numbers, supplies and ammunition, I have failed."

He was sentenced for January 22, 1858. Dr. Tolmie, as well as the Federal Military and many citizens pleaded for mercy but Governor Stevens was obdurate. As a last desperate move, and almost at the hour of execution, the resourceful lawyer, Clarke, aided and abetted the Military in arresting and carrying off the sheriff and his deputy on the charge of selling liquor to the Indians. Wild indignation followed. There was now no chance for mercy. Leschi had become the pawn of rival white men.

A mile east of the site of Ft. Steilacoom, one comes upon a little rounded hollow in the prairie. There, on a gloomy forenoon in February, 1858, some three hundred men and a few Indians assembled about a rude scaffold. A two-horse rig with a box stood on the outskirts of the crowd. Nearly half a century afterward, the man who sprung the trap said, "I felt I was hanging an innocent man, and I believe it yet."

A few days later, on a bluff overlooking this same prairie, Wa-hoo-lit met Leschi's betrayer, Sluggia. For a moment he upbraided him, then

levelled his rifle. Sluggia covered his face with his blanket and as the report rang out, he reeled over the edge out of sight.

For many years, this beautiful village still prospered. Then the remarkable McCarver founded his settlement of Tacoma on Commencement Bay and one fateful morning in 1873, Jay Cooke, financier of the Northern Pacific, looked upon it and confirmed it as the City of Destiny. Steilacoom never recovered.

Today, one carries away the memory of old apple trees and old houses on grass-grown streets that slope toward the sea, high sandcliffs tufted with yellow broom, an island steepled with firs, and such sunsets, one may believe, as can be painted scarcely anywhere else in the world.

IV

THE GRAND TERMINUS

On Commencement Bay, rises Tacoma, the youngest, the oldest, and in many ways the most charming, city on Puget Sound.

Coming up the East Passage, you are intrigued at the sight of its smelter chimney thrust like a pale pencil into the sky. But only when you enter the curve of the Bay, does the city fully disclose itself. Rainier looms suddenly out of the Puyallup tidelands. Yellow lumber piles glow beside the water. Sawmill incinerators fume lazily. The steep western shore brightens over with roofs, broken, jumbled and scattered. Green shade-trees round into line, contrasting quietly with the blue background of the firs. And there is an unexpected foreignness in the brick Gothic of the Seminary, the buff château of the High School above its hollow, grey sta-

dium, like Chenonceaux-sur-Cher, and the yellow Italian campanile of the City Hall, with white gulls soaring and pigeons fluttering aloft.

What a different picture was here in 1853, when Ezra Meeker beached his flat-bottomed boat at the mouth of the Puyallup in search of farmlands! These shores, he remembered, were all a dark forest. The water was scattered with Indians,

> "some trolling for salmon with a lone Indian in the bow of his canoe; others with a pole with barbs on two sides fishing for smelt, and used in place of a paddle, while again others with nets were all leisurely pursuing their calling, or more accurately speaking, seemed waiting for a fisherman's luck. Again other parties were passing, singing a plaintive ditty in minor key with two or more voices, accompanied by heavy stroke of the paddle handle against the side of the canoe, as if to keep time."

The Tacoma which is now visible from the Bay may be described as a city of terraces. The lower slopes are preempted largely by business. From the tower of the City Hall on the north to the dome of the Union Station on the south, and even beyond, life is in more or less continual change. This district still shows many an in-

teresting mark of the roaring eighties and early nineties. In block after block, one sees the familiar three and four storied bricks with adorned façades and high interiors, shouldering up bravely against the skyscrapers.

Of the higher terraces, it is said that when the city fathers ordered them graded, they provided for streets which two horses and a carriage could "take at a lively clip." While no engineer could avoid the ascents between the horizontal thoroughfares, these latter have been laid out attractively in long courses. One may stand below, for example, on Pacific Avenue and look up the Eleventh or Thirteenth Street cables toward the hillcrest, and see the traffic passing back and forth on a half dozen levels, and buildings mounting in series until they lose away into those countless residences which extend well back to the Nisqually Plains.

The most obvious street from a steamer's deck is Cliff Avenue, which rises along the western shore of the Bay. In natural beauty, it is not unlike Riverside Drive in New York, north of 125th Street. Your eye follows its row of white

posts and its houses great and small from the down town all the way up to the High School and the Stadium. The foot of this Avenue is distinguished not only by the City Hall but by that more prosaic building of the round, spike-roofed tower which for nearly half a century served as Northern Pacific headquarters. Out of it as from a grey loom was woven the destiny not only of Tacoma but, in no small measure, of the whole Pacific Northwest.

Leaving these buildings and ascending in the direction of the High School, you can see on the next street above, the little pro-cathedral of St. Luke's. It was of this spire and ivy-grown façade, that a gentle lady once remarked, "To us who came out long ago from the East, many of us as brides, St. Luke's has always been the place of our hearts. Here, we brought our children to be christened; and here we have seen many of them married."

As you go farther up Cliff Avenue, you get a most commanding prospect. The bluffs across the Bay are green and timbered. Below you, little steamers hurry off to make their many

Hop Barn, Puyallup Valley

ports on the Sound. The more leisurely lumber tramps come and go, pausing before this landing or that and settling down finally beneath some loading crane. Rainier seems to mount into the sky with every step. The tideflats at the head of the Bay are covered with factories and sawmills whose smoke rises before the mountain like a cloudy incense. You are ready to believe that Tacoma is, as it proclaims itself, "The Lumber Capitol of America."

Beyond the tideflats, in the blue hinterland, opens the valley of the Puyallup, richest valley probably of Puget Sound. There, in summer you can look across the untold raspberry and blackberry fields, and see the straw hats above the vines, and hear the innumerable voices down the green aisles. And in the upper valley, with each September, the Indian hop pickers come to pitch their white tents and build their fires in the twilight.

When you reach the High School and for the first time look down into the Stadium, you gasp. From the Bay, it is a shallow cirque carved out of the grey bluff. But only as you

lean over its brink, or, from its floor gaze upward to the balustrade along the street, do you realize that here is a structure so seemingly vast that it is less a thing of man than of Nature herself. To enter almost any of the bowls or other stadia in the world, is to be conscious always that they are the work of men's hands; that they have been merely imposed upon the earth. But the Stadium of Tacoma has been wrought so into the natural scheme that you seat yourself in it as you might in some hollow of the hills.

It was several years ago that the City awoke to the possibilities of this site. Theretofore, the place had been known as "Old Woman's Gulch." Along its beach, fishermen built their shanties and the wives of longshoremen hung their wash in the wind. Then of a sudden, came an excitement of school parades and mass meetings and popular subscriptions. In the "Gulch," steam shovels commenced their havoc. Finally, one memorable June afternoon, when the people of Tacoma assembled for the dedication, they found the upper end of "Old Woman's Gulch" filled in completely, and a street laid across it;

the bottom levelled and raised into a floor of nearly three acres; and the sides lined horseshoe-wise with six miles of concrete benches, opening upon the sea.

To know the wonder of the Tacoma Stadium, one must see it on a July or August evening, when the streets leading hither are aflutter with flags and the people are crowding in from every quarter. They come to the great abyss and drop over its edge. From one's seat under the High School, one looks across to the benches opposite and to the State Historical Building rising above them. A bright carpet hangs from its balcony, where the guests look down as from some palace window during a tournament of the Middle Ages. The space above one is circled wide and high. There seems no limit to the thousands it may hold. It is all a vast stipple of color, soft and infinitely varied. The water turns to a still deeper azure. The firs across the Bay are already an inky forest. Slowly, the day fades out of this bewildering scene, and one reads now only faces, dim, depersonalized, unrecognizable, rising in tier above tier, until they

lose away into the upper darkness of the street. The red tips of cigarettes and the never ceasing flicker of matches here, there, everywhere, gleam like fireflies. Vessels that are become great lanterns, drift across the dark below. In the gloom of the Stadium floor, a group of men has gathered. There is the flash of brass or silver, and one hears the tightening of a kettle drum. Then a figure in uniform steps out into the light. It is Sousa! And over these miles of seats, the applause sweeps in gusts like the first rain across fields of summer corn.

A short distance along the shore north of the Stadium, is Old Tacoma, a low and shallow place of houses between the bluffs of the shore. It is true that when Theodore Winthrop and the "Duke of York" passed Commencement Bay on their journey to Ft. Nisqually in the summer of 1853, De Lin, a Swede, had already rigged out a little up-and-down sawmill more than a mile to the south, on the edge of what is now the downtown of Tacoma. And it may be that, during the same season, one Peter Judson harvested unwittingly, a few acres of grain on the

The Tacoma Stadium

site of the present Union Station. But the Indian War broke out and one rainy autumn night they both flung their household gods into a scow and drifted with the tide to Steilacoom. The wilderness quickly reclaimed its own and for nearly a decade, Commencement Bay knew only the splash of the Indian's paddle.

Tacoma is the youngest among the cities of the Sound because, when Olympia had already its twenty little houses, and Steilacoom, its rival townsites and its many ships riding at anchor, and the herds of the Hudson's Bay Company were pasturing the Nisqually Plains, and Yesler's mill was puffing beside its Seattle lagoon, this wonderful harbor had scarcely yet been appreciated. It was on Christmas, 1864, that a swarthy, medium-sized man, not long out of the Civil War, rowed around Point Defiance and south along the west edge of the Bay. Coming upon this open place which is now Old Tacoma he rose in his canoe and exclaimed, "Eureka!" And so, after a few days, Job Carr, the Hoosier, returned and with his yellow cat took possession. By the time his soldier sons

had come on from the East, a honeysuckle was clambering over the porch. Their old cabin with its lopsided roof has been set up again at Point Defiance. In it, every winter the keepers store their park benches.

Shortly after Carr had established himself, the tall, grey Kentuckian, Morton Matthew McCarver, of Marcus Whitman's wagon train, prospector, rancher, legislator, builder of cities, rode in from the Nisqually Plains. He was one of the most restless and romantic figures of this early country. Already past sixty, he thrilled like a boy at the sight of Commencement Bay.

For a decade, the people on Puget Sound had been matching wits on where the Northern Pacific Railway would come to tidewater. Every settlement cherished its great ambition and hope. Indeed, so widely did opinions differ that the shores of the Sound became dotted with townsites. This great uncertainty prevented the growth of any one large city in the beginning. The humor of the time was expressed in a famous doggerel known as the "Four Macs." A stranger recounts how one evening he happened

upon a group of rival town-siters engaged in a furious "railroad debate." Seeking enlightenment, he broke in,

"And now that I've come to this great Puget Sound,
The hub of creation the whole world around,
Explain to me, you, what's all of this fuss;
Oh, tell me, pray tell me, WHERE'S the grand
TER-MIN-US."

At this, each "Mac" sought to outcry the other in favor of his prospective city, Olympia, Nisqually, Tacoma and Seattle, when

"Just at the time up rose a full score,
Each yelled out his place in the wildest uproar;
And I could distinguish in the midst of the fray,
Pt. Townsend, Holmes Harbor and Bellingham Bay!"

Yet these two men, Hoosier and Kentuckian, at a time when every likely port of Puget Sound had already been seized upon, saw with an abiding clearness that, come soon or late, this adjacence of deep water and Puyallup delta was the incomparable, the inevitable site.

The "Old General," as McCarver was more familiarly known, bought in most of the town-

site and soon reared up a shanty settlement. A certain Hadlock appeared in overalls and set up the ubiquitous sawmill. Plump Mrs. Steele pawned her diamonds and built a boarding house. Mr. Bisbee organized his brass-band "of five members and five pieces." And the Indian Stanup, purveyor to the first families, could have been seen almost any morning coming and going among the stumps, with his basket of vegetables and shell fish.

McCarver canvassed the name of the new town among his friends. Many of them favored "Commencement City" after the name which Lieutenant Wilkes had given the Bay in 1841. The plat was indorsed accordingly. But in the autumn of 1868, it chanced that an Eastern Washington pioneer, Philip Ritz, spent an evening at the McCarver home. He had lately read *Canoe and Saddle*. Its description of the "vast white shadow" which floated on this very Bay thrilled through his memory—the shadow of a great mountain

> "swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue depths of tranquil water. The

smoky haze of an Oregon August hid all the length of its lower ridges, and left this mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible, high in the unearthly regions of clear blue noonday sky. The shore line drew a cincture of pines across the broad base, where it faded unreal into the midst. The same dark girth separated the peak from its reflection, over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful vision before it."

This highest dome of the Cascades, named by the white men Rainier, was, according to Winthrop, called by the Indians, Tacoma. And so, queried Ritz, how more appropriately could one call this city of the future? The McCarvers slept but little that night for excitement. A day or so after, Ritz and McCarver talked again in Seattle. Finally, in late October, the matter was settled at a meeting of the "Old General" and his associates in the office of a Portland bank. The plat which one may now see in the State Historical Museum shows "Commencement City" cancelled out in favor of "Tacoma."

It was only a few years until there came with dramatic suddenness, the consummation of the Sound Country's great hope. On July 14, 1873,

word was flashed abroad that the Northern Pacific had fixed its terminus on the south side of Commencement Bay. McCarver was both right and wrong. He had guessed the spot within a mile.

Many of the hundred souls rushed back in the direction of Peter Judson's abandoned farm. A picture of the time shows the bluff above the present City Hall cleared of its forest and little tents blooming among the slashings. Old Stanup, pointing toward this new settlement a little while after, addressed his people:

> "Now look what the white men have done on the hillside on which they are going to build a big camp called Tacoma after the name of our mountain. Two years ago you could see a house here and there among the trees, now you can only see a tree here and there among the houses."

It was not long before the Chinamen had finished laying the track north from the Columbia. Then the Swede, Nick Lawson, on a dull November day of that same year, brought in the first train. In driving the ceremonial spike, Carr and McCarver each took a turn at the

sledge. One may surmise that the latter's joy was mingled with not a little sorrow, as he swung to his task, for was not his pocket at that moment bulging with contracts only partly paid, of a deserting city!

The citizens of the Old and New Tacoma pulled faces at each other for a while but before a decade had passed the New Tacoma had absorbed the Old. In the late eighties, Nelson Bennett bored the Stampede Tunnel and brought the Northern Pacific directly across the Cascades, so that the city, being no longer dependent on the indirect route north from the Columbia, now had access immediately to the East and the last obstacle to its progress was blasted. Downtown, the one-stories and false fronts were passing. By the early nineties there was nearly a score of banks. Allen C. Mason, one-time schoolmaster, built his dummy railroad through the brush into the North End, and old-timers still remember how his little engine, failing to make the grade, would back down and charge up it again, furiously, in a shower of sparks and smoke. A widening fringe of plats and ad-

ditions spread back into the forest. The spirit of McCarver must have returned many a night to these brightening hills and smiled.

But when the panic broke in the early nineties, rich men were reduced to overalls; owners were often left as the only tenants of their own buildings; and the people, as Francis Cushman once reminded Congress, had to subsist so largely on clams, that "their stomachs came to rise and fall with the tide!"

Tacoma had not yet recovered when, in 1897, the Alaska gold ship crept into Seattle harbor, a vessel of as mighty portent to the Puget Sound Country, as the messenger who came into McCarver's village a quarter of a century before. It was to determine, for generations at least, the supremacy of two rival cities. Upon Seattle, rather than upon Tacoma, Alaska worked like magic.

As one saunters about these half-vacant streets of the original settlement, one cannot but reflect upon those tumultuous days. Two buildings survive from that early time. McCarver's house, with its two great chestnut trees beside the gate,

Fishing Boats, Old Town Wharf, Tacoma

still stands upon its knoll. Hard by is St. Peter's, that most venerable ivy-covered chapel which has for its bell-tower an ancient fir tree, topped far aloft.

Today Old Tacoma has not a little the air of southern Europe. Women gather beneath the trees as they might in some Dalmatian village. Fishermen from Istria and Trieste come and go along the waterfront. On autumn evenings, when the fishing boats are tied up to the wharf, their men sometimes gather astern, and in the moonlight, sing old songs of the Adriatic.

If you continue north beyond Old Tacoma, you round the beautiful promontory of Prospect Hill whence you may gaze upon the Sound as from a balcony. From here all the way out to the bold prow of Point Defiance Park, this western waterfront is a series of wooded bluffs which, at some places, have been washed down into ravines. Thus, with the Sound always below you and the vessels coming and going in silence, you wander along a never tiring succession of streets, of bridges looking down into the tops of young firs, and of lawns perennially green

where, in summer, the roses crowd against the house-walls or riot madly over the porches.

Of these many views the most memorable, perhaps, is that from the end of North Thirty-eighth Street where you all but step out on the roofs of the neighboring houses. The city, which you have been trying to leave behind, looks very picturelike from here, and far away—the Old Town of McCarver, the bright homes beyond, among the trees, then the low red buildings of the Seminary, and the turrets of the High School above the Stadium. Rainier fills the southeastern sky. The Olympics stand along the west, cloud-tossed and gleaming. To the northeast, Mt. Baker and, on very clear days, even Glacier Peak which marks almost the boundary of Eastern Washington. Upon the hills, the blue firs, and about you on three sides, the soft color of the sea.

Indeed, one may believe that in no city of America does one so feel the quiet of the sea as along this lofty shoreline from the Stadium to Point Defiance Park; that nowhere do water

and sky and distant landscape breathe such restfulness, or does one seem to come so completely under the dreamy spell.

In the environs, miles back from the Sound, you discover another and unique interest. For years, a slow migration has been going on south and west, toward the edge of the Nisqually Plains. The shores of lakes like Gravelly and American and Steilacoom have, in many places, been beautifully built up. And hidden for miles around in the half-forested parkland are little estates, lovely and of almost hallowed quiet.

Tacoma, though the youngest, may yet be called the oldest among the cities on Puget Sound, because, in contrast to the others which are also of but one generation, it seems to have been hewn more carefully out of the wilderness. Its physical development has had a pleasing coherence, an effect in some wise enhanced by its uniform topography. Especially among its better residences, one remarks an unexpected leisureliness and refinement of taste. It is a city of homes. That which one remembers best are its

rose-hedged streets where it seems always afternoon, and where the summer days trail down in wistful and tender beauty.

And the families which have lived longest here are of a part with this spirit. It was, doubtless, the settlement of gentlefolk in the life of this early community, many of whom came from Philadelphia at the building of the Northern Pacific Railway, that has ever made the society of Tacoma noticeably eastern and has lent so many of its people their graciousness and charm.

V

THE MOUNTAIN

In one of his poems Victor Hugo tells of his search among the Pyrenees for the Pic du Midi. Standing upon the high mountains, he was unable to distinguish one summit from another for loftiness and grandeur. It was only after he had given up his quest and was far on his journey homeward that he looked back and saw the Pic du Midi against the sky. In the Puget Sound Country, whether one gaze from some snow crest or from the blue waters of the Sound itself, one can never doubt the supremacy of that mountain which official legend has described as "Rainier, known also by the Indian name, Tacoma or Tahoma." So established above the world is this white, broken pyramid that all the southern Sound seems to lie under its shadow.

I remember standing one morning with a

party of Mountaineers upon a ridge of the Cascades. The earth was so drowned in cloud that only the greater peaks survived. To the west and south we looked down upon what seemed a frozen sea, broken in the far distance by an open water which we knew to be the Sound and beyond which on the very rim of space, showed the Olympics like the half-guessed shores of some Antarctic continent. In nearer view, foundered the hulks of Monte Cristo and Sloan and Whitehorse. To the north, we saw mighty Baker dashed with cloud-spray and its weird brother, Shuksan. But again and again our eyes turned to the southwest where Rainier rose, a stupendous iceberg with the waters still streaming down its flanks. In its presence, all other mountains in that solitude of sky were as snowy foothills. So also, I have stood on the shores of Bainbridge and Whidby Islands and have seen children pause to look upon Rainier suspended above the Sound, lonely and insubstantial, like a dome in fairyland.

Compelling as this mountain always is by reason of its overwhelming mass, it is scarcely

for a single hour the same. Before sunrise, often on mornings which afterwards turn to cloud, one may see it in grand relief. Only its larger features are discernible. At no other time is one so conscious of the mighty sculpture of its lines. Its dark buttresses reach far along the horizon, and sink deeply into the blue hills and forest. When morning is come above the Cascades, the air of the valleys rises before it in a faint, silver mist like some exhalation of the dawn. It becomes invisible sometimes for hours and, when slowly it reappears, it seems to have been transformed into another mountain. Its foreground of forest is turned to greener blue. Its lines are etched rather than chiselled. One sees the blue of its crags and rock-falls, its mottlings of shadowed snow, and the glisten of its upper icefields. As the sun westerns, it grows even more aloof from the world of men. Some days it looks like a vast, dim snowdrift swept up out of the hinterland; on other days, it is all a wild gleam and indistinguishable surge of mountain and cloud; again it seems disparted from the earth altogether and soars to an incredible height, a

very phantom of the air, shadowless, colorless, almost formless. And then comes sunset, which is the hour of its transfiguration. A faint purple steals over the water, and the forests darken into velvet. Above the horizon, a color of orange suspires upward into tender rose. Over all, is the blue dome of the sky. Against this screen of evening, the lantern of the sun throws the tremendous image of The Mountain and plays over it an amethystine light. Slowly, so slowly that one is scarcely aware, amethyst turns to violet, and violet more slowly to pallorous grey; then the night creeps up out of the valleys. As one gazes in awe, there comes a time when it is hard to tell if what one sees be snow or sky. One looks again and lo, it is not, for it has faded under the stars.

To say that fourteen thousand, four hundred and eight feet is the summit of Rainier, is to express very little of its wonder. John Muir and Major Ingraham once stood upon that high snowdrift on the western crater and exclaimed to each other, "Surely, this is Columbia's Crest!" It is worthy to be, indeed. One should admit that

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years afterward, Mt. Whitney was found to be almost a hundred feet higher, but no mountain which, like Whitney, is merely the highest crest of a lofty range, can ever be worshipped above this single mountain which one can travel all the way around, which rises almost three miles out of the plains and the sea, and whose flaring base would cover more than all of Rhode Island.

The clerks from a thousand office windows in Olympia and Tacoma and Seattle look out upon it. The Japanese gardeners in the valleys of the White and Stuck know it better than Fuji. Berry growers and hop pickers along the Puyallup, settlers' cabins in the foothills of the Cascades, fishing boats upon the innumerable waters of the Sound, feel its watch over the land. And it may be seen from far beyond the confines of the Sound Country, from the Valley of the Willamette, from the sage lands of eastern Washington as far as Walla Walla, and from beyond Victoria.

When the World Flyers took off from Seattle that April morning in 1924, and disappeared into the North, one of them, seated in the cockpit,

scribbled in his diary, "Our last American friend has just bid us *bon voyage*. Old Mt. Rainier is no longer visible. We are flying through a fog-bank now, and the mountain that has been watching us for nearly a hundred miles, long after we reached Canada has passed out of view . . . the memory of the grandeur of it will serve to inspire us all the way around the world."

People on Puget Sound can never agree as to where one may see The Mountain in its most sublime aspect. For the traveller coming South, there is no more wonderful point than the high road at the north end of Lake Washington. And who in Seattle has not approached the bridge at the end of the Mt. Baker Boulevard and seen it like a thing of hammered silver under a Japanese sky? Picnickers at Point Defiance Park in Tacoma have watched it on many a summer evening lighten with the alpine glow and die down into a lavender sea. Probably there is not a picture-shop in the Sound Country which has not a view of it reflected in one of the lakes on the Nisqually Plains. And only a little while ago, an old friend who has spent half his life in

studying The Mountain, exclaimed to me, "I was tramping last week south of the Nisqually and I got the grandest view of it I had ever seen."

As one makes the circuit of Rainier one is aware that every face of it is different and yet in a large way the same. Seen from the west, across the Nisqually Plains, it is the triple-peaked, breaking down into a ruined amphitheatre; near Longmire Springs it is a towering pyramid; from Paradise Valley and the south, it is a stupendous snow-crushed mound; from the Cowlitz or Indian Bar to the east it is a conical mass of rock and ice; above Yakima Park it is a resplendent dome; and from the north one looks upon the awful face of Willis Wall crowned with ice-cliffs.

It stands upon a platform of granite which is itself almost as high as the surrounding summits. Long before glacial times, while that great elevation which is now the Cascades was being blasted and worn down by the elements into its fretwork of ridges and valleys, the lava boiled up at intervals, out of a wide fissure and

built this giant crater. Its rim must have been loftier than now and its slopes must once have had the symmetry of Mt. Hood or Mt. St. Helens but in some wrathful moment of the gods, its whole crest was torn off and flung in ashes over the regions about. Then, at the upper four corners of The Mountain, were set the crystal ploughshares of the ice. These have been sinking ever deeper into its sides, until today its form is that of a stupendous truncated cone, carved into glacier-beds and interspaced with alpine meadows.

The summit breaks down in all directions into steep glaciers. This upper ice is so far above the altitude of heavy storms that the thunder of its avalanches is sometimes higher than the thunder of the clouds. As these primary glaciers descend into the zone of greatest precipitation, they receive a heavy burden of seasonal snows. Here also the inter-glaciers fuse with them. Then, like one congealed and widened river, they pursue their way into the valleys.

Between the edge of the all-year snow and timberline are the park lands with their tents of

alpine fir and brilliant bloom. What lambency of color glows over these mountainsides and fades with the passing seasons! Out of the lowlands, the flowers come in spring, the green of bog orchids and of uncurling fern, the pallor of Indian pipe, the yellow of skunk-cabbage, the white of Canadian dogwood, the tender pink of spring beauty and trilliums. Timorous and scattered and pale they come, guarded by bishop's cap, haunted by devil's club, a medieval pilgrimage, straggling up out of the gloom of the forest into the light. Here, with butterflies and with bees the flowers of the parklands meet them —avalanche lilies following up the snow with their companions the buttercups, and those Pierrots, the lavender anemones with their fringed-leaf collars, yellow and red monkey flowers along the water-courses, shooting stars which are the little cyclamens of the mountain meadows, Indian paintbrush with pink and orange and red leaves, mats of purple heather, squaw-grass waving aloft white plumes, tall hellebore standing like giants in Lilliput, and elephant's trunk, valerian, pentstemon, arnica, fireweed, ever

ascending in color until they reach a flaming climax, and then waste away fitfully among the upper rocks in the rarer bloom of Lyall's lupine and golden aster. One might name them until their varied hues and sheer crowding numbers would sound like a recitative of Whitman.

Then autumn comes and the flowers die. But a brighter flame burns after them. All the color of the flowers is not so intense as the fire of the leaves. In September, the blueberry and mountain ash cover the hillside with scarlet and rose, from valley to valley, as far as the eye can see.

It is not strange that the early settlers were content to look upon The Mountain from afar. Their task was in the lowlands. The first men who had the hardihood to come to grips with it were badly used. In 1857, Lieutenant Kautz, watching it across the prairie from his post at Ft. Steilacoom, could endure its challenge no longer, and so, having persuaded an army physician and two privates to accompany him, he girded himself for the adventure. He and his companions carried alpenstocks of whittled ash, shoes hobbed with broken four-penny nails, a

rope, a hatchet, some hardtack and liberal rations of dried beef. After days of fighting through the jungly forest, they worked their way high up one of its glaciers but had to turn back "though there was something still higher." When, after three weeks they returned across the plain, no one recognized them. Their mounts were jaded, their uniforms, in tatters, they themselves, bearded and burned. The Lieutenant wore the sleeve of a red flannel shirt for a headdress, and the wretched physician covered the nakedness of one leg with a coffee-sack!

Only in 1870 did two wiry men, Stevens and Van Trump, succeed in reaching the summit. On Mazama Ridge, above Paradise Valley a cairn has been built to mark where they made their last campfire, and where the Indian Sluiskin, who had refused to climb farther, warned them against the demon which, according to his father, dwelt inside the steaming crater. It must have been a lonely and thrilling spectacle, the flickering light high above timberline, the tall savage in his belted blanket and military cap stuck with eagle feathers, the sputter of Chi-

nook, the gestures of entreaty and sometimes of terror, and the dim, spectral mass of The Mountain towering over all. But both men vowed they would unfurl their respective flags on the summit. The young ladies of Olympia had sewed them for no other purpose. The climb was begun at daybreak. They followed around the great buttress of Gibraltar and worked to the upper snowfields, and that night slept in one of the warm caves of the crater. They had found the route which has been used almost universally since. A couple of weeks later, they returned to the Nisqually Plains where they requisitioned a farmer's wagon. On the outskirts of Olympia, they stopped long enough to fasten a beflagged alpenstock on either side the seat, then they clattered down the shady streets amid great acclaim.

The usual approach to The Mountain is from Tacoma. The road carries one across the Nisqually Plains and into the broken foothills, many of which are now ruined of their forest. Then, crossing Ohop, a little picture valley, one climbs into the higher valley of the Nisqually, past its

breathless gorge, and in sight every now and then of its roily waters, all the way to Longmire Springs.

The traveller who has more than a day or two should never hurry past this Inn. An innocent trail starts here which will take him into Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, one of the loveliest of parks, with flowers blooming as in an English lawn, and with a lake wherein The Mountain mirrors itself. If it be bright weather, the beautiful cone of St. Helens will rise in the south. There is no park where the alpine firs stand in such stately, solemn groups, nor any vantage from which one can gaze upon a mountain in such colossal ruin, so broken and torn down with only two remnants of the crater, Peak Success and Liberty Cap, still unshaken. Still another Longmire trail climbs steadily up to the base of a wall and then leads through an unexpected breach into Van Trump, a park which holds within closer confines, all the colorful, dreamy witching beauty of Paradise Valley.

And there is no better place than Longmire from which to climb the Tatoosh, that jagged

sierra which lifts one up into the southern face of The Mountain. One June morning, with a party of friends, I took the Longmire trail to Eagle, the westernmost peak. The heavy forest slowly fell behind us as we climbed. We overtook the spring which, weeks ago, had vanished up the sides of the valley. June was turned back to May and slowly then to April. When at last we stood on the edge of the timber, we saw only a white slope which faded upward into whiter cloud. To one another we became strange, impalpable figures moving through a silver mist. Then an unexpected wind cleared the sky almost to the borders of Oregon. Though scarcely anything could be seen of the country between, we had in view for several moments the snowy dome of St. Helens.

When we reached the summit of Eagle Peak, we beheld The Mountain in all its mystery of cloud. It was never fully revealed to us at any one time, but in its suggestiveness, it assumed a grandeur few of us had ever seen. The eye was unharried by any foreground, for the valley be-

low us had been blotted out and we were aware only of a mighty presence under the blue vault, white, silent and appalling. Sometimes, we saw impending almost above us lava masses, rose and ashen-grey. Below them the Tacoma and Nisqually glaciers flashed in the sun. Great rock battlements streamed with cloud. Then, in a little while, the impenetrable veil closed down again.

By mid-afternoon, we reached one of the Tatoosh saddles farther east, which offered us a glissade on the north side. One man struck the handle of his ice-axe into the snow, set his feet, and started downward. Into his groove, stepped another and he was away. Still another thrust in his alpenstock and shot like a rocket through a spray of snow. To one looking up from the bottom, it was an awesome sight, this pause and then the plunge of tiny men, rashly one by one to their seeming perdition down the walls of this white abyss.

As we approached Pinnacle Peak, the farthest summit to the east, the world below us was

lit with sun. Paradise Valley seemed almost within our reach, a park fresh from some gardener's hand, so green were its meadows and so beautifully disposed, its alpine firs. In the midst of it all we saw Paradise Inn bright-roofed like a doll's house.

If you cannot stop at Longmire for such pleasant diversions as Indian Henry's Hunting Ground or the Tatoosh, you must then ascend into Paradise Valley. Presently you pass the moraine of the Nisqually Glacier, whence there is a fine sweeping view toward the summit. Then, the road becomes baffled before a rampart which threatens to bar any human being from proceeding further. At last a line is discovered along the crest, incredibly high above. It is the road. You think of those roads which wind along the edges of story-book mountains that never were, and lo, such a one is here! Slowly the impossible wall is attained, whereupon you follow through the Silver Forest of dead, barkless trees, past foaming Narada Falls, and up at last into the lofty park which is Paradise Valley.

I first came into this enchanting place on an autumn evening several years ago. To write of it in any detail would be to flaunt the example of Lord Duffern who, looking for the first time upon Thingvellir, only remarked on those predecessors of his "whose ineffectual pages whiten the entrance to the valley they have failed to describe." I must record, however, that close under the shadow of a mountain greater than any I had ever seen, a waterfall tumbled out of the snowfields into the head of a vast stadium and formed a stream which glistened down its floor; that all the slopes were a green and yellow sward set with blueberry and mountain ash in shades of old rose and russet and gold; and that when the sun spread in from the west, the colors from everywhere seemed to flame into living scarlet.

We were a half dozen men who had planned all that summer to climb The Mountain, but had not been able to make the attempt until mid-September, after the first snow had fallen. At the last moment, we had been joined by a determined and venturesome little lady, just ar-

rived from Tennessee. Upon her word she had come north to conquer this one mountain and for no other purpose.

We left at two in the morning so as to make the chutes under Gibraltar Rock before the ice began to melt. The lady did not accompany us. The guide was firm against her attempting the climb so late in the season. In the semi-darkness, it was slow work, getting up out of the valley to the first snowfields. The névé had become glinting ice so that our alpenstocks resounded as they fell. The Mountain loomed above us, monstrous and dim. After three miles or more we reached Camp Muir. There was no hut there then. Until it was built, I never heard of anyone having bivouacked comfortably there, nor have I ever understood why Camp Misery has been located still fifteen hundred feet higher. We reached Muir in that bitter wind which blows before the dawn. It was impossible to climb the Cowlitz Cleavers before daylight, so there was nothing left but to wring what hospitality out of the place we could. With teeth chattering, we

laid two men on the ground. Across them we laid two others, and then two across these. When the undermost two had been sufficiently warmed and smothered, the heap was unscrambled and these placed on top. So the mill continued for several rounds. Life sweetened for us when the sun struck Gibraltar. We picked up, one by one, the peaks along the Columbia River, Adams, St. Helens, the narrow cone of Hood, and Jefferson in Central Oregon. We were then at ten thousand feet, which is about the level of what, in geologic times, was the Cascade platform. Looking along the blue and snowtipped crests, we could see how the mountains marched in from the horizon evenly like the roll of a heavy sea.

After refreshing ourselves with toast and cold tea, we climbed the Cleavers and made our way to the base of Gibraltar. Then sneaking along its shelf, high above the Glacier of the Nisqually, we reached the chutes. Here we pulled ourselves up, one by one, with the aid of a rope, and came out at last on the snowfields.

The crevasses were at their worst. The recent snow made it necessary to test every bridge and to work cautiously around the heads of the chasms, some of which were abysmally deep. Above, we could see the polished rocks of the crater but whether we switchbacked or climbed directly towards them, it seemed of no avail. We tramped so many steps and rested, and tramped and rested again, until, by sheer grinding we came up over the curve of the ice-dome. It was nearly noon before the last man dropped inside the crater. A half mile beyond, we saw Columbia's Crest, the snow bank which is the true summit. So when we had regaled ourselves with more toast and cold tea, we crossed the crater which was filled with snow, and stood upon this eminence which, if the clouds had not hung over the Sound, would have allowed us to see eastward nearly across the State of Washington and northward into the mountains of British Columbia. The view to the south was an endless, almost formless chaos of mountains whose valleys were filled with mist. We could not see Mt. Baker but the white beacons

to the south stood above their mountain sea, in far and awesome grandeur.

The largest steam caves are on this side of the crater. A couple of years before, a party of Mountaineers descended into one of them. The story is told that each man scraped a cup of snow from the roof, dropped a bouillon cube into it, and put it over a steam jet. In a few minutes, the cups were boiling lustily!

When, from this supreme summit, one looks below upon sombre-forested valleys lightening upward into pale meadows, and upon these in turn whitening into ice and snow, and considers their climatic changes and distribution of life, one realizes how, in climbing these three miles up the sky, one really travels a distance of more than two thousand miles, through Canada and beyond Alaska. For here is an arctic continent on the lower reaches of which, one finds instead of the muskox, the mountain goat and ptarmigan; where the Lyall's lupine grows among the rocks; and where, among the upper snows, the mountaineer looks upon no face save that of some lonely adventurer like himself.

Yet despite all the cheerlessness, one cannot forget, in looking below upon the valleys, the beneficence of The Mountain. Like that river which "went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence was parted, and became into four heads," so this central ice-dome, like a great fountain, melts down into turbid rivers, the Nisqually, the Puyallup, the Carbon, the White and the Cowlitz and these are they which compass all the rich lands about.

It is interesting to note the reactions of men who have achieved a great mountain such as Rainier. Their impressions vary, of course, with their physical condition at the time, but temperament always plays its colorful part. When for example Jacques Balmat made the first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1787, he wrote in Gallic fashion: "I had come to a place where no one—where neither the eagle nor the chamois—had ever been before. I had got there alone, without other help than that of my own will. Everything that surrounded me seemed to be my own property. I was the king of Mont Blanc—the statue of this tremendous pedestal!"

But when Colonel Norton returned from the third Mt. Everest expedition, he said, "On top the mountains, one seems to be above everything else in the world and to have almost a god's view of things, but one feels little like a god himself—tired and breathless, the very epitome of human limitations." Whether on the summit, one exalt or abase oneself, I rather believe, judging from our climb of Rainier, that most amateur climbers reach a moment, or more likely, many moments, somewhere along the line of their ascent, when they too, feel like anything but gods and secretly wish they were home again by their own fires! But this is a fleeting cowardice which is nearly always swallowed up in victory. And the significance of the victory one is often too wind-lashed or frozen to realize until one has returned to the valleys, for no retreat of Mother Church can better cleanse the soul than the experience and the memory of great mountain tops.

Our descent was not so laborious but more dangerous. One of the men had never climbed before and made such slow progress over the bridges that, for the first time, we used the rope.

This man was placed in the middle of the line and came down the snowfields without mishap. The most treacherous place was the chutes as we worked under Gibraltar. The rock here is in continual crumble, and, though frozen in the morning, it loosens under the afternoon sun. We descended in small detachments and most gingerly, for there was the clatter and whirr of falling rocks every few minutes. We returned to the Inn at sunset to find ourselves showered with congratulations by the lady from Tennessee.

"It was thrilling to watch you on the snow," she said. "You looked like black ants strung together on a hair! But do tell, who was the little ant that seemed to be sitting down so much of the time?"

If, in contrast to this southern and more reposeful face of The Mountain, one would look upon its dramatic and savage aspect, one must climb to some meadow on the north side like Spray Park. The trail leads in from the Carbon River road and follows up Ipsut Creek. This stream has its source at the base of a steep, slop-

ing wall. One zigzags to the top of it, then follows easily along a contour to Mowich Lake which is the largest lake on The Mountain. The trail which leads into Spray Park was constructed by the Northern Pacific Railway several years before Longmire homesteaded his place on the south side. No road, however, has been built here, so that this remains an extremely wild region. On the ascent to Spray Park, one passes Spray Falls. A white torrent pours down out of the sky over a five-hundred foot cliff which is broken into innumerable, small ledges. The water spreads fanwise, striking here and there into a thousand little foams, running here and there in a thousand little streams, then falling again in long, long falls, thinning into veils like gossamer, swaying in the wind, and gathering an iridescence from the sun as it drops into its porphyry basin.

Above the Falls, switchback follows switchback. On the north, Hessong Rock rises in clean, lawny slopes. Finally, the heathery meadows. Then one is admitted into a rough, shallow bowl of country. Here are the marks

of Nature's war upon The Mountain. Boulders are strewn everywhere. The alpine firs advance up the slopes of Hessong Rock like furious soldiers. To the west, they fall back repulsed; to the east, across a most difficult terrain, they fight their way to the very crest of the ridge but with many a white, bleaching trunk among the living green, to tell of their mortality. The Park is wondrously carpeted with heather no taller than the toe of one's boot, and matted together with it, are dwarf-blueberries which, in autumn, one crushes at every step. Nowhere, a sound or sight of life save a grey hawk which sometimes rises above the warrior firs.

Here is another and wilder mountain, a restless and tortured face such as one does not see from Paradise Valley or the Tatoosh. The whole foreground is assumed by Ptarmigan Ridge, with Observation Rock spiked above it. And behind the Ridge, the main mountain rises like a stalwart but writhing Laocoon of monstrously carved buttresses and beetling crags, and broken and desperate glaciers. The upper Mowich and Russel Glaciers cling to the summit-

Emmons Glacier, Mt. Rainier

dome. To the east, one sees the darker crest of Willis Wall and above and farther east, the white ice of the Carbon Glacier.

"On the side of Ptarmigan Ridge I know a glacier," said a friend who stood with me one evening in Spray Park, "where there is a red formation and the stream that pours down from it looks like blood. In 1909, I was in this Park," he continued, "and I saw an avalanche start one late afternoon from the top of Willis Wall. It was so tremendous that some men who were with me photographed it three times in its course. It plunged almost a sheer four thousand feet to the upper Carbon Glacier. The thunder seemed to shake the world, and long after it ended, the snow from the upper fields kept streaming down and spangling the air."

Probably, the supreme view of The Mountain is to be had from Yakima Park on the northeast side. After a long, steep climb from White River Camp, one comes into a narrow plain terraced up against the sky to the north, and dropping over a brink to the south, and in the far distance, closed by a long, grey hill. A trail

leads through fields of blue lupine, pausing sometimes in the chapel shade of the firs and descending at last out of sight into the valley. The Mountain is, from here, a majestic unity, and unquestioned in its dominance and grandeur. One looks upon the steep six miles of the Emmons Glacier. Falling away from the summit at first evenly, fold on fold, this vast field of ice soon breaks and splits, and crevasses and sprawls, and tears madly downward. A thousand feet below the dome, it collapses at its center into innumerable seracs. Again it becomes a vast torrent gathering and cascading wildly. Of a sudden, as though uncertain of its course, it seems to stop in mid career and gloom over with morainal dark, then gashed into ten thousand transverse seracs like black water broken in the breeze, and with its edges still white from the upper snows, it sweeps at last grandly down and northward and then in reverse curve, eastward into the waiting valley. Gibraltar clings like a lichen to the eastern snowline, very unlike the ship's prow it appears from Paradise Valley, and Little Tacoma rises, a great jetsam, tossed

above the white welter of the Emmons and Frying Pan Glaciers.

In this flowery highland of Yakima Park you seem so near The Mountain that you could reach it almost at a single stride. Here on summer afternoons, you listen to the far rush of the river, like the soughing of an endless wind among the firs, and to the hollow roar and dying rumble of the avalanches. At evening, through the fold of your tent, you watch the blue shadows creep up the glaciers, and the constellations appear one by one to lose themselves, with the night, in a very dust of stars.

There is a wholly different glory of The Mountain in winter. As early as October, one can see the snow spreading down into its valleys. And by the time the sparkling February weather has come, all its rock lines and sharper features have been moulded into softness.

I came into Paradise Valley one winter holiday when the snow had deepened to all of twenty feet. Gone was all the world of summer flowers and matted heather. The alpine firs stood deep in snow. They seemed drawn even closer as

though to fend off the winter. The Inn was buried to its eaves, so that our party had to climb in through a window.

The first night, it snowed incessantly but by daybreak the clouds had finished their work and were withdrawing in dark battalions across the foothills. The air tingled with light. Over every hillock, down every stream, around every citadel of firs lay the fresh snow.

Some of us set out on snowshoes for Sluiskin Falls and Mazama Ridge at the head of the valley. We looked back to the Inn, foundered hopelessly in its white sea, and to the slopes of Alta Vista where the skimen, mere animated specks, shot downward with startling swiftness. We found the storm-swept hemlocks on Mazama Ridge wondrously clothed with winter. On their sheltered side, the snow lay in masses, and transformed the sprays into great plumes. On the windward, the blasts had whipped the branches into filagree so exquisite that every needle was sheathed in a film of ice. When the sun fell on them, they glittered like jewel clusters.

Across the fields of The Mountain which towered over us, the wind swept the snow up into sparkling clouds. Below and above Gibraltar, there were walls of green ice hanging hundreds of feet. We looked upon a great and unassailable fortress of Nature. In all the picture there were no blendings and intimate gradations, none of the misty dreaming away of color into color, none of the subtle diffusion of light, which one sees across the waters of the Sound. Nor was there any twitter of bird or waving of branches. Every feature of the landscape was set out sharp and hard as in a Japanese print.

Large flakes began falling in the afternoon and as evening drew on, the whole valley became a scene of whitening fury. Tobogganning at such a time was glorious sport. The snow drifted in so rapidly that one could keep to the course only for the first few rods and, when the toboggan fetched away, one seemed to rise and soar out into the storm. There was nothing but to grip and hang on, conscious of being carried in wild leaps and plunges from hummock to hummock, until one's face was splashed with

snow-spray. It was the savage joy of becoming almost a part of the elements themselves.

Near nightfall, a snowshoe party which had been gone all day, appeared unexpectedly on the summit of Alta Vista. The figures, filing down one by one and bending their faces against the storm, seemed impersonal and of Guargantian size, as if they had only that moment stepped out of the whirling clouds and, like some group of Martians, were commencing the invasion of another planet.

All the following day and night, the storm held sway. No one was allowed to venture out of sight of the Inn. Down the western side of the valley the snow was driven as it might have been from the beginning of time, and was whirled often in blinding cyclones of white, upward and high almost as the moon. The Mountain had been swept out of the world and forgotten.

And yet, that last night, in our toy house under the snow, with yellow lights shining out feebly on such Walpurgis scene, a company of us, God's little creatures, held high jinks over the dying year. As the storm seemed to reach

its greatest fury, the lamps were suddenly darkened; one by one, the twelve hours were struck off on the cook's triangle; and, as the lamps were flashed on again, the spirit of the New Year broke loose. It was early morning before the serpentine had wound hilariously up and down the Inn for the last time.

When we returned next day to our green homes on the Sound, we looked away to the south and saw Rainier again at its ancient station under the sky, that divine and mortal mountain, that supreme effort of earth to rise among the stars, that frustrate recoil, and falling back in thunderous foam of hills—a mountain which had made Time's great adventure and had come to terms with the Universe, and which stood now, forever heroic, and reconciled, and calm.

VI

THREE MEN AND A PACKHORSE

THIS is the story of a long trail, a troutstream and a bark wigwam in the Olympic Mountains.

One August morning before the door of an old barn on Hood's Canal two men were settling the top dunnagebag on the back of a bay horse.

"Take that hind rope," ordered Takhum whose bronze face proclaimed him mostly Indian. The Angler, a sinewy youth in grey shirt, set his foot against the horse's rump and drew the rope taut. A little apart, stood the fine figure of an old man whom the others, in deference, called "The Senior." He was watching, for the first time, the throw of a diamond hitch.

Takhum looped the lead-rope over Badger's mane and with a slap, started him jogging out into the road. The men followed. Below them the Dosewallips swirled in green eddies. Be-

yond, the forest beckoned, and above it the early sun shattered itself against naked peaks.

At the Corrigenda Ranger Station they stopped to register, and to secure a "Permit to Build Fires in the Dosewallips Basin." A red-haired woman with four children occupied the place. When the Angler told her he intended also to cross the Pass down to the Elwha, she replied, "Oh, that's a great country all right! My husband is taking me over this fall."

The road dwindled after leaving the Ranger's Station to a trail which led through a timber slashing. Fortunately, the last logger had left the valley some years before and Nature had hurried in after him with Her simples of fireweed, Her young alders, and deep tangles of salmonberry, so that much of the char and ruin were now grown over. But after a mile or more the forest welcomed them with music and green banners. The vine-maple, lissom and starry-leaved, danced like a psaltress. The broad maple with little ferns upon its branches gathered in shaggy groups along the trail. In the low places there were rustling copses of red alder.

The mossy floor of the forest burst into showers of fern and then lay sparkling with twin-flowers. And ever they saw the grey-brown shafts of the firs, sweeping upward and out of sight, as though the earth like a bowman were loosing arrow after mighty arrow against the sky.

Below the ten-mile post, they encountered two sunburned lads who were packing out. Such meeting was not unexpected for, in this Northwest, whether in country or city, hobnailed shoes, blankets and knapsack are a familiar picture.

"We have been on the River all week," said one, "and never caught a fish till yesterday—too milky. We got some rainbows this morning along the flats near Elkhorn Camp. We're starved—we have to get out!"

During all the morning and afternoon, the men travelled through miles of solemn forest with the tinkle of Badger's bell ever in their ears. When they emerged into the more open ground beyond Miner's Creek, they saw great underwoods of rhododendron. Although it was out of flower, one could guess how gay must

have been the sight in early summer. There is no more startling beauty on Puget Sound than this pink and white of the rhododendrons bursting out sometimes high among the evergreens, in great salvos of bloom.

Well past midday, they reached the Jump-off. Here a triple-peaked mountain rises two thousand feet, almost sheer, above the river. Takhum declared that a precarious trail led along its face and that he had known hunters even to pack a deer over it. The Forest Service has now bridged the chasm so that one can make one's way high along the south side of the river and after a couple of miles drop down to a second bridge, and so regain the flat country on the north bank. When the men crossed the second bridge, it was sunset, with the river stretching down to them in sheets of silver and gold. As one often finds in wild river bottoms, a colony of great cedars grew here. These lifted their fronded pyramids two hundred feet into the twilight. Beyond the cedars, stood another Ranger's Station and there they made their first camp.

Next morning a young man and his wife came down the trail. Their heads were wound in red bandanas and both were under pack. He leaned forward under a tumpline; she, with forty pounds or more, bore up like a very Diana of the mountains but for the disillusionment of bobbed hair.

Following up the river the men came sometimes into sunny, open places and again into dark timber, where the tinkling bell of the packhorse sent some Douglas squirrel scampering. The burnished salal brushed their knees. Often they walked under shimmering canopies of vine-maple. And where the sun burned strong there was the fragrance of balsam, the frankincense of the northern forests. But always, sometimes near, sometimes far, they had for company the hoarse voice of the river.

After they passed Sunnybrook, which tumbled its waters across the trail, they could see the parting of the forest lines on the other side of the river where the South Fork of the Dosewallips came in. Lofty, snow-flecked peaks rose along the walls of this lateral valley. They

were plushed almost to their tops with forest, save where the nap had been worn away by avalanches. On the face of one of these lay a little meadow, preciously green. It was one of those unattainable places which in summer one sees in these ranges, high above the haunts of elf or faun and swept only by trailings of cloud.

At high noon they entered the most impressive forest they had yet seen. When Theodore Winthrop set out toward the Naches Pass with Loolowcan the Frowsy, and travelled for hours through the giant firs at the base of the Cascades, he grew somewhat weary following "down the vistas of such ungentle woodland, passing forever between rows of rough-hewn pillars, and never penetrating to any shrine where sunshine entered and dwelt, and garlands grew for the gods of the forest." But here was a cathedral whose portals were all flung open. Sunlight splashed down the columns and over the green floor. Its chapels were set with pyrola in waxen spikes like candles and its aisles with clusters of sweet-after-death like so many frail memorials; and its high altars smoked almost visibly with

the incense of balsam. Who knew at what moment the white-cowled monks might come walking down the wood and take their stalls, one by one, in the choir, and the organ burst forth into the Te Deum!

In the early afternoon Badger stopped before a little hunting lodge where Takhum insisted one might taste the best spring in all these mountains. The gables of the lodge were fantastic with deer and elk antlers. After a hurried lunch, the men resumed their ever winding trail.

Stevenson somewhere attributes "a sort of free will, an active and spontaneous life to the white riband of road that lengthens out and bends and cunningly adapts itself to the inequalities of the land before our eyes." But how true of that road which so "cunningly adapts itself to the inequalities" of the mountains and which men call a trail? Among the Olympics at least, every trail, whether it be built by the Forest Service so that a pack train may pass over it or whether it be a mere blazing through the crowded timber, was first worn by herds of deer

and elk so that, in following it obviously across river-bottoms or switch-backing unreasonably up the face of high cliffs, one may know that there is no easier, certainly no safer course, for it is the way of Nature. Hardship, even danger awaits the man who, ignoring the elk and deer, enters some unblazed part of the Olympics and seeks to climb up some other way.

A mile or more beyond the lodge Silt Creek was seen opening down out of blue shaggy hills. This was the other large tributary which came in from the south. The Douglas fir now began to give way to the white fir whose large cones strewed the trail. Here the cathedral became more a temple; Gothic changed to Romanesque; brown columns turned into white shafts, chaste and classic; and the sharp tree-fronds rounded into feathery sprays.

Then succeeded the open meadows, parted by screens of forest. As the three men emerged from the wood, they were aware of a new quality of silence. Flowers brightened the mountain-side, and for the first time they saw the alpine fir with its whorls of close branches, standing

in spiry groups, and the Alaska, most precious of cedars, with limbs drenched in pale green.

"That," said Takhum, "is Mt. Claywood," indicating the peak at the head of the valley.

"Is it near the pass?" inquired the Senior, as he leaned on the alpenstock which he had cut that morning from the red alders along the river.

"At one corner," he replied, "Sentinel is at the other. Claywood isn't so rough. I took Badger to the top of it last summer. We won't see the pass today, because it lies between the two peaks."

The trail grew easier. They pressed on and made the last Ranger's Cabin by nightfall.

On the morrow, they rested, and the Angler wrote in his diary:

> "*Sunday, August 10.* I watched the sun strike the face of Claywood this morning. I know now what it is to see 'the hills and the mountains break forth before Him into singing.' The sunshine of these upper meadows pours down through the dustfree air without any dispersion into color. It is pure white light, and shrill.
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> "Before breakfast, I plunged into the river, where

sprays of purple heather brushed my shoulder. The river has here its youth. I could wade in it and splash in it, and breast even its deepest pools. Here it is no longer the dark blue, the sinister and menacing, as we saw it twenty miles down the valley.

"In his Path to Rome, Hillaire Belloc says, 'Throughout the world, I have found the heads of rivers to be secure places of silence and content.' So, far up on this hillside, I lie amid the sweet smell of flowers. An eagle sails lazily over Claywood. The cabin looks so small below me. The sound of Badger's bell is like a shepherd's in some lone meadow of the Alps. Here the harvest of the mountain beaver lies drying in the sun, grass and smartweed and vervain and sage. And down the slopes everywhere are purple pentstemon and acres of grey sage, tall hellebore and pearly immortelle, pink hardhack and pale blue aster, indigo gentian and golden arnica, and the scarlet of Indian paint brush, that wild cardinal-flower of the western mountains. Here would I lie under the warm sun, looking down the misty, purple valley up through whose folds we came; here, listen forever to the drowsy tinkle of the horse's bell."

There is a quality in the summer solitude of these alpine meadows which differs from that of the forest. Among the great trees of the lower slopes, the solitude is more confined, more ancient and oppressive. In thinking of it one cannot but use the language of cathedrals, but of such as have been completed and are now empty, where

the worshippers are gone away or have never come. The contrast of these sunlit meadows is that here the quiet hand of Nature seems always more active. However warded with dark forest and threatened by wild crags, one feels a solitude more unconfined, a silence not of age but of young life where the year is ever turning back to spring, where the flowers, long faded in the valleys, are but glistening with the dews of baptism. There is loneliness but not melancholy, and one's soul is lightened and soothed.

Sed pisces petebant! The next morning, they took that path which all Sunday had tried to lure them out of the meadow. It brought them into the precincts of the ultimate wood, lofty pillared with silver fir, and then into that glorious upper meadow where the young river sparkled down over bed after bed of golden mimulus. Every moment or two, the sound of Badger's bell startled some whistler marmot whose call shrilled and re-echoed among the peaks. The Senior who had lately come from the East, never ceased to exclaim when several of

them at once, hurried over the heather or stood upright on their haunches.

"I contend," said the Angler, "that, when a man has once seen the water ousel and smelled of heather and heard the whistler marmot, he is safe beyond the clutch of civilization!"

Here in a shallow cirque, where the sun beat the pale stones into plates of gold, they saw the last glisten of water. It was the wellspring of the Dosewallips! There is no richer experience in all Nature than to follow a mountain river from tidewater to its source, from sea-aster to the heather.

The pass itself was a ridge of fine shale between Sentinel and Claywood and across its face the rising trail line was drawn as evenly as by a draftsman's hand. Snow lay in places upon its slope. The summit, some six thousand five hundred feet, was so sharp that Badger stood with his fore hoofs in the basin of the Elwha and with his hind hoofs in that of the Dosewallips.

Here they looked with unhindered view upon such a prospect as must have inspired Walt

Whitman to sing of the "large, unconscious scenery of my native land"—an unguessed world of blue and white and grey mountains, boundless as their own wonder; rugged, tumultuous, Ossa piled upon Pelion, far as the farthest sky. Below them, the folding valley of the Hayes, whither they were to descend, and beyond, the valley of the Elwha. To the south, the Anderson Range, like some broken roof of the world where the snows were sliding down its eaves; and in the north and west, high over all, the peaks of Seattle and Meany and Olympus, with their glaciers glistening.

Looking at the sun, Takhum said, "It is nine miles. We can make the Elwha in time for the evening fishing!"

Down they swung behind the shoulder of Claywood, across an open parklike country, tufted with bushy seed-plumes of the anemone. China pale asters grew here and Indian paint brush and, beside the water-courses, the green bog orchid.

"Why do you stuff grass into Badger's bell?" asked the Senior.

Olympic Mountains from Seattle

"This is a great game country," answered Takhum. "They come out of here rolling fat. Last time I was through here, right over yonder ridge, I scared up a bear eating grass. When he lifted his head, I could see he had a bunch sticking out both sides of his mouth. He wouldn't drop it. He ran a ways up the slope and stopped and looked up and after two or three stops, he finally got up against the sky but he kept hanging on to his bunch of grass. Where I was, it looked like a big mustache. Damned if it wasn't one of the funniest things I ever saw!"

Takhum had scarcely finished his story when the Angler yelled, "Lookee there!" Five hundred yards away, three bears, two of them half-grown, were humping toward a clump of alpine fir. That instant a deer broke from the other side of the same covert.

From this park country, the descent was so rapid that they quickly dropped down through zone after zone of forest, down through the alpine fir and Alaska cedar, down through the white fir parted sometimes by steep, flowery meadows, down again through salal and trailing

kinnikinick into the regions of fern and bracken and the Douglas fir. In the late afternoon, they came into a flat country tenanted by fir and hemlock. It was a maze of open forest, as far as one could see, and carpeted with moss. At some unmarked place on the trail, Badger suddenly turned off at a right angle.

"He knows where he's going!" called Takhum.

He knew indeed, for soon they came in sight of a bark wigwam, and beyond, the Elwha, a green and whitening river whose upper reaches no lazy man had ever looked upon.

Badger was soon freed. He knew that for days he need not report for duty, and that he might have the whole valley for his commons. Each man hurried to set up his tackle. Takhum's hat-band bloomed suddenly with coachmen and hackles and, for summer effect, a McGinty. The Senior was an old-fashioned fisherman. He would have none of creels but insisted upon a willow branch. He was used to carrying his catfish so, back East.

Soon these three mannikins were on their way down the trail under the roof of the forest.

"Henceforth, I ask not good fortune. I am good fortune!" quoted the Angler.

If there be a thrill in this world greater than setting out upon the trail, it is the thrill of hurrying toward the stream for the first cast.

It may be said truthfully that, on Puget Sound, fishing is more than a recreation; it is almost a rite. There is hardly a lake or river but has its devotees. One of the familiar sights of every week-end is roughly dressed men clumping along the streets with rod and creel. And on Mondays all the sporting goods and Japanese tackle stores from Olympia to Port Angeles expose their bravest catches amid funereal arrays of fern.

Not far below camp, Takhum pointed out a rich pool where the Senior, who knew of flies only by hearsay, could test the waters with a salmon egg.

What the angle-worm is to the East, the salmon egg is to the Sound Country. The raw egg, when cured, resembles a jellied red pea. In one method or another this bait is resorted to more often than men confess. Many a fisherman

of the kind who, watching the smoke curl from his evening cigar among a circle of friends at the club, would never be caught fishing with anything but a fly, has been known, on mornings when the water and the weather were all wrong, to have closed his book and, behind the screen of the bushes where only the eye of God was upon him, to have opened his can of salmon eggs.

There was no reason, therefore, why the Senior should not try the virtues of the egg. The Angler, seeking to improve upon the method, rigged up a Wilson spinner with double hooks on which he too put eggs. Takhum retired upstream to ply his royal coachman. The sky was not propitious. Clouds had closed over and the pool was soon dancing with rain drops. The Senior, not a little skeptical about stories of the Elwha, was disgusted. Like all the rest this river too was a fable. The Angler's spinner made a commotion at the first few casts, bringing many strikes but with no chance to hook. From experience he knew they were Dolly Vardens, those gourmands which drift lazily about the edges of every large pool.

While the Angler and the Senior took shelter from the rain they witnessed one of those near tragedies which are ever recurring in the silences of the forest. They were startled by a scream and two or three falling feathers. A grey kingfisher had been pursued upstream by a fish-hawk. Twice they swooped to the water, then by an artful backward dart, the kingfisher gained the protection of the firs.

Takhum appeared shortly with the news of only a strike or two.

"They're here, though! Don't lose heart."

The sun had passed over the valley wall. The hapless three had begun their return along the stream, when Takhum who had lagged behind, called. The Senior and the Angler looked back to see his pole bent and his line taut in the riffle twenty-five or thirty feet below. One always starts at sight of that reverse curve, the upper of the rod, the lower curve of the fisherman's body as he braces himself against the pull of the fish. Although Takhum, educated as he was, may never have read Isaac Walton, his attitude proclaimed more eloquently even than

Isaac's pen, "There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him!" Doggedly it fought. There was not a sound nor splash. One could only tell that something rebellious and alive was at the end of the line. Slowly, giving him occasional chances to rush now to this side, now to that, the springing rod brought him closer.

"I can't see why he hasn't gone into the air," said Takhum.

The Angler waded out until he could see a broad band of rose and silver. "It's twenty inches," he exclaimed, "and it's hooked in the tail!"

At one moment it was near enough to land then it made a break into the current; the hook gave way and the first rainbow was gone. On their way back through the woods Takhum said nothing except, "He must have jumped clear over the fly, as I jerked. If I had him in the tail, of course he couldn't break water, but why didn't I—" he muttered.

Next morning a glorious sun was abroad. It was decided to fish down stream again. The Senior was located on another pool of green

water. He flogged it a little with a couple of flies but could not follow them without his glasses, so he was left with a supply of spinners, hooks and eggs, while the Angler and Takhum worked below. The shallows, scarcely knee-deep, flashed brightly. The McGinty was taboo. Grey hackle, brown hackle, then that pinch-killer, a pair of white wings and belt of crimson silk, the royal coachman! Some of the fish seemed as though they had never tasted feathers. They flashed under the water and shot into the air, and curled and darted, like springs of shimmering steel. When the two men returned at noon, each with a string, they found the Senior in expansive good humor. The Elwha was no longer a fable. A dozen very creditable fish hung from a nearby cottonwood.

"I swear I had as much luck with the bacon as I had with eggs. You see that last one? He was in the air half the time. He drove up and down the pool like Jehu!"

"That one's a rainbow," smiled Takhum. "All the others are Dollies. I call them lady-fish. The women always get them!"

Undaunted, the Senior contrived to ply his spinner. Suddenly his line began moving back and forward.

"Keep the tip of your rod up," called Takhum. "Line's too slack. Step back, if you can't reel fast enough. Let go again, let it sing! That's enough now, stop him!"

After a minute or two, the Senior, disdaining a landing-net, swung his catch out of the water. Putting on his glasses and stooping over, "Why, the thing's dotted! Another blasted Dolly!"

After lunch, they descended to the head of the canyon. The Angler forded the river with the Senior on his back. At the end of half a mile, they came to a weird little grove of vine-maple at the base of two great firs. The maple stems writhed; their limbs reached groundwards like the arms of a banyan tree; and the water's edge was covered with innumerable hoof-prints.

"This," said Takhum, "is a saltlick. Last year I brought a Seattle police sergeant down here. I was ahead and saw a doe at the lick. The only easy way for her to get out was between those two firs. The sergeant wanted to catch her, so

I bet him five dollars he couldn't hold her. He got behind the one tree and I went round to drive her through but the sergeant stuck his head out before I yelled. She turned back and you ought've seen her shoot through that maple. If she'd ever got that cop with her fore-hoof, she'd have cut him to the bone."

Below the lick the river gathered all its scattered waters into a channel between walls of dark basalt, and set them swirling darkly. One of the walls, which was broken down, admitted to a seat draped with moss. Within arm's reach, was a partly-filled pot-hole which had been ground out of the rock as smoothly as an apothecary's pestle.

"Now the idea," Takhum explained to the Senior, "is to hook 'em and swing 'em into the kettle!"

The Angler tried his flies down the river but evoked nothing. He could see the Senior standing against an upstream background of glittering water and snowy mountain, his rod bent, his hand nervously on the reel and anon, a flash of silver swinging into the rocks.

And so the golden hours began to resolve themselves into utter timelessness, there in the heart of the delectable mountains, beside the friendly stream, under the shelter of the forest.

This could be the journal of any one of their wonderful days:

Sunrise finds the Angler and the Senior lying in their sleeping bags, gazing up the columns of two lofty hemlocks. The topmost branches toss and mingle and sway languorously, stirred by some upper air they know not of. The Angler remarks to the Senior, "Often when I wake here, I feel as though I had fallen asleep accidently in Notre Dame. I imagine sometimes I can hear the beadle pattering down the pavement ready to prod me in the ribs with his gold-headed staff."

The morning kingfisher tears upstream, his voice like a wooden ratchet, and busy as though the whole business of the river depended upon him. The sun begins to flood the forest with silvery and golden light. Takhum who sleeps in the three-sided, bark-covered wigwam, yawns and, emerging from his mossy

couch, starts the fire. The Angler, with a towel over his shoulder, eases down in bare feet to the water's edge and after a wallow in the stream emerges with a blood curdling yell. Takhum has already begun his whole-wheat-flapjack-cornmeal hotcakes. The Senior melts down a block of maple sugar and tends the coffee. The rainbows are rolled first in flour and then in meal and laid compactly, heads with tails turn about. When they are crisp on one side, the fry is turned with a single flip of the pan. In a few moments, they sizzle out upon the table to be eaten like roasting ears.

"All the Dollies go back today," says the Angler. "Keep a few little rainbows for the pan and bring in only the big ones for the smokery."

The Senior agrees, for after several days, he has had his surfeit of Dollies and salmon eggs and has again essayed the fly. Under Takhum's coaching, he has come to lay a twenty and twenty-five foot line and great now indeed is his joy.

Again they take their way down the forest and one by one appear upon the river at ap-

pointed places. The Angler finds the trunk of a prostrate fir which has its roots spread against the current. A red alder lies along it. Climbing to this, he follows out to the fir roots and, clutching these with one hand, casts into the swirl below. At the third or fourth cast, there is that sharp, crisp splash like the plunge of the kingfisher and a twenty-inch rainbow leaps and is out of sight again. The rod tip quivers like a bow. Inward the line rushes toward the shelter of the roots; outward and farther outward the Angler leans over the pool, unable to reel but determined to head the fish down stream. Time about it sulks and tries to dart home across the current to the roots. Finally despairing, it breaks away with the reel singing in its wake. The Angler climbs along the roots as close to the water as he can and then at the risk of slacking his line, leaps in to his knees. He slips and goes in on one side to his shoulder but still there is a good chance to land. It leaves the water once or twice again, shoots like a living bright arrow hither and yon, bears its top fin against the current in a great variety of tactics, but to no avail.

The relentless hand with every click of the reel plays it nearer; slowly it comes to understand, protestingly, the pull of the invisible leader, feeling but unable to shake itself free of that strange sting, until finally with mouth open, it is dragged safely out upon the sand, a fresh band of silver flushed with the color of sunrise. Another quite as large, and still another are hooked. They lunge desperately toward the roots and are played to the sands below, then the Angler takes his way down stream. The river has withdrawn to half its winter's width so that one may wade it anywhere between pools. For long stretches, the riffles are so even, so green, so polished that one feels like a Chinese figure fixed in scallops of jade. There is the gurgle of water about one's knees, the casting to this side and that of twenty, thirty, forty feet of line, the sudden swirl on the surface, the strike, the wild leap into the air, the matching of the trout's strength against the spring of the rod, the hurried reeling to bring one within fighting distance, the playing close, the breaking away and the final victory—or chagrin!

When the sun gets overhead, Takhum, who is as skillful with the feathers as any man in these mountains, appears from down the river lugging a catch which puts the Angler and the Senior to shame. They split one of the largest down the back and grill it on fresh alder twigs.

As they lie and invite their souls, the dull grey water ousel, only bird of its species on the continent, flits and teeters from rock to rock like some attendant sweet spirit of the fisherman. So near it comes that one may almost believe it is happy at sight again of human face, and saying, "Welcome, tall stranger, and good fishing to you!"

When everyone gets back to camp, the Angler rekindles the smokery. The Senior and Takhum have built and roofed a foursquare palisade about five feet high. In the upper part of it they have laid two grills of vine-maple branches, one above the other. The fish are split down the back, the long bone peeled out and the inner surface rubbed with salt. They are then spread over the grills and under them is set a slow fire of green alder.

There is corn bread for dinner and spinach, the one vegetable which can be dehydrated and still be recognizable, and a mulligan, that half soup, half stew, compounded of something of everything to be found in commissary.

Then the fire is heaped high. It is a perfect night. There is no need of heat but heat is only a minor virture of any campfire. Takhum dons his scarlet hunting coat. As he sits in the opening of his bark wigwam, the flames lighting up his features, he is a picture to delight the savage heart.

"You know," says he, poking down the tobacco in his pipe, "the scramble over that big rainbow this afternoon reminds me of a New Yorker I once saw trying to hang on to a forty-pound Chinook. You remember the bridge just above the mouth of the Dosewallips? Well, that's a Government bridge and when they built it a couple of years ago, they sent out a young engineer from New York. The salmon were beginning to run in from the Canal. So, one day when he was up on the frame, he saw a big one stranded on the riffle. He yelled, 'Fellows, look there!'

He dropped his blueprint and everything, and shinned down and jumped into the river. I tell you it's a fact, he flung himself square on that fish's back. You never saw such a hell of a splash of water and mud in your life! For a while, I could hardly tell whether he could get it out or not, but he finally got a hand in one gill and dragged it to the bank. It was the first live salmon he had ever seen."

And so with many stories and long talk of many things, the evening dies down, like the campfire, into darkness and they are slowly aware that the moon is abroad, for a mysterious faint glow spreads through the forest. A mist rises from the river and the light falls upon its waters with an eerie splendor. Overhead out of the spangled sky the Great Bear looks down upon three men yawning, and silently seeking their rest.

VII

THE KINGDOM OF THE FOREST

THE mountains, the sea and the forest are the natural romance and inspiration of Puget Sound, but most pervasive of these is the forest. One who, for the first time, sees its arrowy sentinels on the headlands, or its dark phalanxes losing back unevenly into the foothills, is intrigued at the mystery which is there—at the voices which must whisper among the lofty spires and the music of green life which must thrill under the shadows; and one wonders how, through the cycle of the year, the feet of the seasons steal down this uncoloring and unchanging wood.

In the valleys and on the lower slopes of the mountains, the forest consists, for the most part, of the Douglas fir, the red cedar and the western hemlock. The king of this demesne is the Douglas fir. It gives character and color to almost

every landscape from the summit of the Cascades to that of the Olympics. Strangely enough, science has pronounced it a false hemlock, as though it were not one of the most authentic handiworks of Nature! Save the redwood, it is probably the loftiest living thing that adorns the earth. The Big Tree is perhaps more impressive in its ruined majesty, but it stands apart and seems like the relic of a prehistoric age. The Douglas fir, also, may be ancient, but it is still of the companionable forest. While growing, its vigor of life shows in its always upright leader and in its deeply furrowed and cross-ridged bark; when matured it is rough, virile, stalwart, and yet so branchless and lofty that a Titan horseman might wrench it from the soil and hold it like a lance upon his stirrup.

The red cedar may be called the queen of these forests. It enthrones itself in bottom-lands and along the river reaches. It stands less densely than the other conifers, so that one is always aware of its individuality. In contour, it is pyramidal and shaggy, with branches sweeping down and then lifted a little upward. Its dress

Indians with Cedar Canoe, Suquamish

has an almost drenched look, as though Nature, after She had reared up this pretentious framework, had poured down over it Her buckets of varnished green. Though less majestic than the Douglas fir, it is more elegant. There is a feminine quality in its thin, reddish-brown bark weaving upward in sinewy lines and in its sprays of hanging filigree.

Considering its usefulness to man, there is probably no other wood so light, so evenly grained, so lasting. A block of cedar can be reamed out, with frow and maul into three or four foot shakes, almost as deftly as it can be cut by mill. A familiar sight in the early clearings was the shake-roofed and sometimes shake-sided cabin. Floors, shelves, tables, fences, all were of cedar. And over how many such trees lying prone beside the waters of Whulge, have the Indians not scraped and crooned, until at last they have launched them with clean, brown flanks and figureheads ready for war! Of the durability of this wood, the story is told of two cedars in the Valley of the Skagit which grew astride a dead fallen one. All were turned into

good lumber. The woodsmen did not measure the dead tree but, in one of the living stumps, they counted more than five hundred rings.

If one were to personalize the forest still further, one might say that the western hemlock is the courtier of the kingdom. It is not so regal and aloof as the fir nor so queenly as the cedar but, especially when young, it affects a certain languor, as beseems a gallant who would impress at court. The uppermost tip always droops. And usually the tree is overshadowed by both the fir and the cedar. Its whitish bark crackles in every little direction and its branches are set with short, bluish needles, all of which gives the hemlock a peculiar grace and sparkle.

Higher up the mountains, one comes among the Lovely and Noble firs, thronging the slopes like athletes, and the close alpine firs with stiff whorls of green, and the bluish spruce which prickles one's hand, and the precious Alaska cedar, more drenched and lustrous than the red cedar of the lowlands, and so many variants of these, especially of the firs, that the forester must

study the scales and count the needle clusters, before he can distinguish them.

In these forests, except in the very oldest and densest of them where the sunlight scarcely falls, there are not a few deciduous trees. Compared with the conifers, they scarcely rise above the dignity of underwoods. In the distance and in the mass, they add little to the character of the landscape. Yet on closer approach, they make for color and variety. There is the broad-leafed maple whose foliage is coarse like that of the catalpa. Sister to it, is the vine-maple with its eccentric branching and shimmery leaves. Its airy, Japanese patterns play exquisitely against the sombre backbround of the firs. It, more than any other tree on Puget Sound, is the bright banner and color-magic of autumn. Scarcely less remarkable is the dogwood. Not only is it large-blossomed and gloriously white in spring but, with the passing of summer, it comes into a second bloom, so that the tree is often distinguished at the same time by scarlet berry and reddening leaf and snowy flower. Then you

meet in all the moist places, Oregon or red alder, which reminds you of the beach or silver birch but which, unlike these, grows as tall and slenderly beautiful as the young fir. It is the turn-bark of the forest, colored of every soil and setting. Its boles are often dark green, as might be expected of an alder, and then again all grey, and sometimes mottled as with shadows. The exotic, Spanish touch is the clumpy, evergreen-leaved madrona whose cinnamon-bark is continually bursting, as though a dryad spirit were straining for release. Everywhere along the shores of the Sound, these trees like brown, bright maidens lean out to catch their own reflections in the tide.

And yet, to the newcomer, even such underwoods look magnified. During the first year, he lengthens out his measuring-stick on every excursion. Until he has acquainted himself, the violets and spring beauties are very tender in his sight. They alone of all things out-of-doors seem to have kept to scale.

If one would know the wonder of these forests one must enter some huge growth of Doug-

las fir. Then, indeed, it is to stand within the precincts of a mighty wood. The lesser trees have died away, and one is aware only of naked column rising beyond column in vast and awesome grandeur. High aloft, they are fronded with a green which changes not with summer nor with winter. A great stillness reigns. And there is no light

> "Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
> Through verdurous glooms and winding, mossy ways."

One feels that here is the rearing of centuries, that no renewal is here, nor youth, but only the mouldering of slow time. These trees have seen all human change. Sweetened by the sun, washed by the warm rains, their sturdy leaders struggled upward while wars swept the earth and empires rose and crumbled away. And if one set their ancientness against the history of the Puget Sound Country, it is to find their roots deep in that mythical age when the Red Gods ruled here, and the flaming beacons of Takhoma and Kulshan had not yet been quenched.

One's physical reaction to the evergreen and to the deciduous forest is very different. In prospect, these latter yield to the form and sway of the ground. They clothe the landscape in undulating beauty. Every form is rounded, whether the scalloped-leaved oak or the mayapple canopy at its foot. In their shade, one is conscious of a soothing, sometimes even to lassitude. The forests of the Sound Country are, by contrast, gothic. Their lines lead high and still higher. One feels a dark energy of life. The brain is played upon with myriad, sweeping, upward impulses, until the very nerves thrill.

In the presence of these mighty trees, not only is one's physical self but one's spirit, also strangely stirred. There is something beyond a consciousness of majesty and age, something which may be, in part, the dim vibration of ancestral memory. James Lane Allen once wrote that if within us

> ". . . the first set of race memories—Sea Memories—still endure, how much more powerful are the second set—the Forest Memories!
>
> "So powerful that since the dawn of history millions have perished as forest creatures only; so powerful

that there are still remnant races on the globe which have never yet snapped the primitive tether and will become extinct as mere forest creatures to the last; so powerful that those lightest races which have been longest out in the open—as our own Aryan race—have never ceased to be reached by the influence of the woods behind them; by the shadows of those tall morning trees falling across the mortal clearings toward the sunset."

More profoundly, still, one sometimes feels here what the Greeks knew as the mythopoeic yearning, that indefinable but unattainable desire to steep one's soul in an all increasing wonder, and to become a closer part of the harmony of the Universe.

Another quality of these forests is their freshness. However luxuriant their growth, one has no fear of malignancy as in a jungle. Puget Sound is almost wholly free of snakes and mosquitoes and flies. In the sage-country, men sometimes lay a horse-hair lariat around them at night so that rattle-snakes may not cross. But west of the Cascades, it is as though another St. Patrick had waved his cool staff across the land and exorcised it, for hither scarcely any blight of Nature has ever come.

Yet no place of earth has escaped its taint of original sin, and so into this kingdom of the forest, otherwise so wondrously ordered, one sometimes meets a monster, the *Echinopanax horridum* or Devil's Club. It stands head high and supports a canopy of broad, green-grey leaves. Its aspect is almost tropical and it is perhaps the most showy thing in all the underwoods. Nonetheless, one must believe that it was the work of imps. No self-respecting devil would have devised it, for every stem and branch and leaf is arrayed in a million little needles. Of course, like the porcupine, it must be touched to do its harm, but even after its death it carries a smart. These prickles are ground into the rough bark when the firs are felled and dragged to the loading stage, so that many a tender-handed householder swears, on winter nights, as he lifts a log to his fire.

As these forests are like giant's gardens, so their destruction is an awesome spectacle. Their unreasoning enemy is fire. One can scarcely picture the vast conflagrations which, despite all that men can do, sometimes rage here. Too

often the summer visitor finds Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker and all the other mountains lost in grey smoke. A careless spark will often loose such an arrow of flame as will in a moment shoot the whole height of a tree and leap from banner to grey banner of the moss and dart hither and yon like a red demon among the branches until, with the rising of the warmer air, as up a chimney, the colder air will rush in and the flame be swept from tree-top to tree-top in wild explosions. An Indian once told me he had seen such a fire on a stormy day travel five miles in as many minutes. And on the road through Sol Duc Burn in the Olympics, the rangers have written this warning: "Thirteen thousand acres burned over in four hours."

Not long ago in the foothills of the Cascades, I saw a forest fire at evening—saw the flames dartling up the long shafts of the firs, the wasting of branches, the occasional fall of some trunk which sent aloft sparks into the darkening sky like golden bees, the rising, as if in wild impatience, and flapping high into the air of whole reddened sheets of fire, and then with the dying

down of the wind, the vast, silent flaming, until one imagined one could almost hear the witchery of the fire music and in the shadows see the great Wotan stalking down the mountainside.

One stands at such times in the presence of forces that are naked and elemental. It is as though one were looking back upon the world in some cosmic hour of its making.

While there is something blind and often inevitable about fire in the timber, there is a more deliberate, a more incessant and, however necessary, quite as tragic a devastation at the hands of man. No grass of the psalmist which "groweth up in the morning and in the evening is cut down and withereth," can compare with the destruction of the trees.

In the springtime, one may see a colony of midget men stringing a double thread of steel up some wooded valley. As they toil their way nearer week after week, one dauntless, little man, the "high rigger," lashes himself some morning to the stateliest fir along the tracks and then, like a steeple-jack, wriggles himself foot by foot up the naked shaft a hundred feet until

he reaches the first branches. These he lops away, one above the other and still climbs until at a hundred and seventy or eighty feet, he is half lost to view. There is a faint chopping and the sifting down of a few chips, a cracking and the plume of the fir comes sweeping to earth, while the top of the shaft sways in wide circles with the midget of a man clinging to its tip. This is the spar tree about which the immediate logging is to center. To it, the "high rigger" makes fast the guy-lines and blocks. The "fallers" then enter the timber, each carrying his spring-board shod at the end with upturned iron. When they set to felling a tree they first cut a small kerf into opposite sides of the trunk. Everywhere among the slashings, even half a century old, these notches of the "fallers" can still be seen. The two spring-boards are quickly bit in. Each man mounts and together, with double-bladed axes, they slash down the great kerf. Then the axes are dropped and the lean cross-cut lifted into place. With long, easy rhythm that sinister, silvery band is swept from side to side. Finally they pause and one lowers

his ear but there is no sound and they resume. One listens again, "she's talkin' now," he says. A half dozen sweeps. There is a tremor. "Timber!" they yell and leap from their boards. It is little man's hour of triumph. The cracking and snapping increase, the great trunk sways slowly, then with thunderous crash, amid flying bark and dashing, green spray of broken branches, it falls. This stately column, this ancient transcept of the wood is in ruin. An open place shows against the sky which will not be filled again forever.

After a time the "buckers up" come along to lash off the limbs and cross-cut the trunk into lengths for the loaders. Anciently, the "bull-whacker" and his long, jolting trains of oxen dragged the logs out on skid-roads. Despite the proverbial profanity there was something almost reverential in the task, as there has always been when men have set about the hewing down of forests. But the day of Paul Bunyan, mythical hero of the north woods, is done; his scythe is hung to rust; and Babe, mightiest of oxen, who was "forty-two axhandles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns," may well

Tidewater Sawmill, Mukilteo

have found his grave in Puget Sound. For, in the taking out of the logs now, there is utter sacrilege. The "hookers" attach the cable-slings; the "whistle boy" signals; and that blustering demon of the woods, the donkey-engine, braces itself as if to tear down, like a Samson, one by one, the pillars of its temple. Then along the sagging cable which has been strung to the spar tree, the great log comes swinging down the mountainside and across the canyons, to the landing stage beside the flat-cars. Months after, in the water beside some distant mill, a man in steel-spiked boots with a pike-pole is seen balancing himself perilously on a raft, parting the logs and slowly guiding them toward the open slip. A bull-chain grapples one of them from below, and drags it slowly up to the floor of the mill. There, it is lifted to the saw-carriage and, in slow, inexorable measure, is shunted back and forth before the great flashing saws until the last semblance of a forest king has faded away.

Sawmills are seen everywhere along the shores of the Sound. In the Pacific Northwest, unlike in the eastern and southern states, they are lo-

cated at tidewater instead of in the timber. These mills differ in size and plan. Some are low, like a prairie dwelling; others, lofty and pretentious, but their common adjunct is the incinerator. These brick cylinders surmounted by their inverted bowls of dark netting, remind you of huge, up-ended seventy-two centimeter shells. They are a symbol of Puget Sound.

It must be confessed that this destruction by man, however necessary, is, nonetheless, tragic and saddening. True, the kingdoms of the forest rise, flourish and decay. Woodsmen along the trails half a century ago, tell of the frequent crash of dead timber. Also, men must build houses, and launch ships, and wing their airplanes. And it may be quite impracticable on Puget Sound to fall trees discriminatingly as is done on the Continent. Yet no one will deny that here a modern logging operation is like the passing of a scourge.

And if there be one thing more tragic than a forest devastated by the axe, it is the burned-over slashing. It may be a wise permission of law that the ground which has once been logged

may then be burned, so that the hazard of the remaining timber may be reduced, but no tangle of alder or salmonberry is thick enough, no purple fireweed, brilliant enough to hide the desolation. Sometimes, as on the logged-off lands between Seattle and Everett, the eye ranges for miles over blackened and naked land. Here and there, stand ruined trees like charred masts of ships. And everywhere, the spectral stumps. Lands which have been found unfit for tillage will doubtless sometime be replanted. But never again perhaps in the world will men see such forests as those of today.

However, in the lowlands and in the mountain valleys, there is the compensation and healing sight of men bringing the once-timbered lands under cultivation. Somewhere in the foreground, you see not a log cabin but a little frame house, for Puget Sound has always been a country of sawmills. Behind, in the slashing, where smoke is curling up from the brush fires, a spar-pole is set and the stumps, after they have been shattered with powder, are dragged by a small donkey-engine into a heap about the pole, some-

times to the height of a barn. This accomplished, there is still the hand-to-hand struggle with the roots and tangle, like that which the family of Maria Chapdelaine waged when it "made land" in the Lake St. John Country—that struggle, stained of the soil, which men have known during all the generations since America began:

> ". . . one hand against the trunk, he had grasped a root with the other as one seizes the legs of some gigantic adversary in a grapple; he was fighting the combined forces of wood and earth like a man furious at the resistance of an enemy. Suddenly the stump yielded and lay upon the ground; he passed a hand over his forehead and sat down upon a root, running with sweat, overcome by the exertion."

And who would not say with Mother Chapdelaine, at the sight of men clearing these virgin lands,

> "If there is anything which would reconcile me to living so far away in the woods, it is seeing my menfolk make a nice bit of land—a nice bit of land that was all over trees, and stumps and roots, which one beholds in a fortnight as bare as the back of your hand, ready for the plough; surely nothing in the world can be more pleasing or better worth doing."

When one studies the passing of the seasons in the shadow of these great forests, one is aware that the year does not define itself sharply into periods and that the months pass without the obvious pageantry to which one is accustomed among the forests in the East. Weather blends into weather like an Italian spring with the effect that in looking across mountain and valley, one is scarcely aware of change in these soft blues and greens of the country. But to him who knows more intimately, the fingers of the seasons are always visible.

Even in winter, there is here a great freshness of life. Snow, if it falls at all, is quickly swept away by the warm "chinook" which at intervals blows in from the south and west. Such freshness comes in part from the rains which drip, drip, many a night long down the lofty halls of the forest. Then also, singing through the undergrowth, is a ceaseless chorus of green which comes not from the conifers but from the brightness and the individuality of leaves. One sees for example, the little hosts of the twin-flower. No foliage is more exquisite or lyrical. Every-

where, is the Oregon grape, a sort of holly fern, which does not vine but thrusts up burnished, scalloped leaves from a central rootstalk. The coarse, unvarnished jungle of the salal is an ever-present, humming bass. Here and there is the staccato of the always green huckleberry and of the sword fern. And wholly outside the forest, in meadows as memorably green as those of Cornwall or Devon, one hears the western meadow lark, that other music which makes it always April on Puget Sound.

It is not easy to put your finger upon the calendar and say, "On that day came spring." The robins never altogether leave. The towhees are in the forest, also the wrens. But it happens, usually that some morning in January when the skies beyond the Olympics are edged with mother of pearl, that you are aware of some fresh hilarity among the birds. And on your morning walk you see a white cloud hovering along the edge of the wood, spray upon spray of pussy-willow whitening and still to whiten until they are half the size of cotton bolls. But for the time this is all. February is very often

a month of bright weather, with starlit nights, crisp mornings and jolly sun. Spring pauses on tiptoe. The life of the leaves seems to rest. With March, the sun waxes in strength and the birds begin coming in greater numbers. The moist places of the wood begin to light up with the yellow lanterns of the skunk cabbage. Overhead the tassels of the alder turn saffron. Along the edges of the firs and through the underwood, appears the misty pink of the wild currant which quickly sweetens all the country-side, and which brings the rufous humming-bird. Even in April, that month when all things should open, the firs and hemlocks seem insensible of spring, but the lesser forest begins slowly to break into tippets of green. White bloom appears. The madronas grow starry at every branch tip; the elderberries shake out their snowy plumes; the dog woods plant their gonfalons by the forest's edge. Mosses preen themselves; giant wake-robins troop in the shadows; brushing one's feet everywhere, are mitrewort and the frail bloom of violets and spring beauties. The bracken, like the branched ferns they are, begin to uncurl out of

their dead, brown past and the disarray of yesteryear. Even the Oregon grape makes to thrust up its spikes of saffron flowers, and its coarser brother, the salal, hangs out stems of little white bells. In fencerows and among the slashings and in the edges of the heavy forest are white-crested sparrows, and violet-green swallows, and juncos, and Western wrens, and yellow finches, and towhees, and that throbbing voice of spring, the flicker, not the saffron-winged of the eastern apple-orchard but his red-shafted brother, no whit less buoyant. He is the very top and throb of spring. And yet pervading all, is the spirit of the blue evergreens. They are in the spring but never completely of it. If not a solemnity, there is about them a brooding and tender constancy which suppresses that vernal burst to which one is accustomed in other parts of the temperate zone. One does not wake some gay dawn with the rillets running under the snow and birds nesting feverishly and flowers all opening suddenly. Spring fever is not epidemic on Puget Sound. Very often from January to April spring is a thing real but scarcely perceptible.

It is only with the slow rising bloom in mid-April that one, by looking back to March, can say surely that spring is come.

May is more variedly colorful. The cutting away of the timber is allowing more and more the suppressed deciduous life to spring into bloom. As the white tide of April ebbs, the tiger lilies begin to swing their orange bells over the world; the wild rose blooms; the honeysuckle clambers and leaps through the branches, sometimes even of the younger firs, and showers the ground with its blossoms of scarlet and gold; while its gypsy brother, the blackberry, darts in and out among the smothering salal. The thimble-berry comes in crinkled white and the salmonberry is starred with purple. The fireweed lifts its colorful spire above the slashings. In the open, every moist bank and roadside is thronged with equisetums in weird mimicry of the mighty forests, as these in turn are but pale memories of the forests of æons past. And now the exquisite spirea is dashed up against the maples and alders and the younger firs like a very spindrift on the tide of spring.

At last, the evergreens have confessed, if ever so little, to the season. It is as though Nature had squeezed out upon her palette a tube of bright green and set her brush to the tips of every fir spray, in separate, swift strokes. Under the branches, fresh cones now dangle. The more exquisite hemlock is stippled with innumerable points of yellowish green, and is fretted with cones in miniature, like jewels of brown gold on a lady's hand. Only the queen-like cedar seems scarcely touched by spring at all, yet one sees even among its fronds, tender new bits of filagree. So among the conifers, the sap-mist of another year draws upward for what hundredth time, along its dim courses and out into the lofty branches.

One tries to catch with the spirit ear these countless, singing streams of life that rise from the earth and bring a transient fresh green into the upper twilight. For, with the passing of the weeks, the winds and sun and rain will weather back this tender growth into the color of the ancient tree and the hands of winter will tear down its cones.

With July the rains, which by now have become only occasional, cease altogether and the first ripeness appears. The salmonberries, yellow and red, brighten the streams and the roadsides. The elderberry now offers its clusters of vermilion and coral. Thimbleberries hang as scarlet as a cardinal's wing. Among the flowers, the golden Japanese dandelion is most conspicuous. Everywhere one sees it scattered among the undergrowth and in the open places of the wood. And because the soil of the Sound Country is composed so largely of porous glacial drift, the fields, for lack of summer rain, turn brown. Yet the air is mild. Seldom is there any heat shimmer or sound of cicadas frying in the sun. At this season, Nature, like Her own evergreens, seems not so much to live as to exist. For weeks together, all out-of-doors lies under the spell of windless, dreamy days.

When autumn comes, it is not with the beating of drums nor flauntings of wild color. The firs and cedars and hemlocks look down unchanged upon such mutability of earth. The green madronas shed a few of their leaves. The

maples cover the mosses partly with soft gold. Alder and hazel brush show yellow but not vivid; the dogwood blooms white amid reddening foliage; bracken turns dull brown. Only the vine-maple is seriously autumnal. It spreads, especially along the streams, like a wild contagion of maroon and yellow and orange and scarlet. Sometimes it lights up even the slashings with bushes that burn and are not consumed.

The autumn color scheme of the deciduous landscape is reversed. Here are no unquenchable fires of oak and chestnut and maple interspersed, as in the East, with the cool cypress or the pine. Every background is sobered with blues and greens and greys in against which with never failing effect, Nature dashes the sallow of alder and russet of bracken, the red of dogwood, and the gold and scarlet of vine-maple. Autumn on Puget Sound is a study in sparing color.

And then with the passing of October, and the coming on of grey skies and winter rains, the cycle of the year closes under the solemn watch of the great firs.

VIII

NEW YORK — ALKI

THERE, on its low hills and gladdened by the sea, a City of Youth! The voyager who sails round West Point Light and up that narrowing water which is Elliott Bay, descries a misty crescent of wharves and buildings and towers losing away at either horn into green, tufted slopes, as of a city but dimly conscious of its destiny, with dreams still in its eyes, and not a little wistfulness. And at evening, when its many features are blotted out in darkness, one sees where some sower of heroic figure has turned under the tall firs and strewn the broken soil, mile beyond mile, with golden lights.

This Seattle has the challenge of individuality. Nature herself intended it so. Across the foreland of a stupendous mountain range, carve in a long lake and opposite this on the west, a

half-circle, which is the shore of the Sound; fold the intervening land into broad ridges and hills; set two lesser lakes in the north; lead in a lazy river from the south; then, beyond the Sound, raise up other and wilder mountains to catch the sunset, and you have the ground-plan of one of the unique cities of the world.

Yet, in the beginning, a topography so unusual offered but little hospitality for a settlement. These uneven foundations whereon the City has been built, are the drift-mounds left by vanished glaciers and these lakes are but fresh backwaters of what was once the sea. To have planned a city amid such scene called for a breed of men, far-visioned, virile, daring almost to recklessness.

If you climb the Volunteer Water Tower on that wide central ridge which is Capitol Hill, you may see not far distant a cemetery with a few fir trees standing upon a knoll. There, lie the early men and women whose adventurous wills drove the forest back against the sky.

Not long ago at a pioneers' reunion, the

daughter of one of these was reading some stories of early Seattle. She told of the schooner with the three captains which, on that November morning in 1851, landed the families under the trees on the western shore of the Bay, of the scramble to save their belongings from the tide, of the lone woman who sat in the rain and wept, and of the Indians who crowded round to see the baby boy in her arms.

"They were amazed," the speaker said, "to look for the first time upon a babe with face like the snow and with hair like the sun."

And glancing up she smiled, "I think he is in this room now."

"He is!" exclaimed one.

"He's sitting next me!" called out another.

It was he, indeed. There, a man whose hair was still not unlike the sun; yet the multitudinous city which compassed him about was all within his memory.

Most of these families had come by covered wagon out of the Lincoln country in Illinois. It is the distinction of this great seaport, now third

only to New York and Boston in its commerce, that few of its founders had ever before looked upon the spar of a ship or heard a sailor's chanty. This cluster of cabins might well have been called Peoria or Springfield but "the Terrys," according to an old chronicle, "being New Yorkers, first named the place New York." And the settlers up and down the Sound, hearing the boast of so great a city, wagged their heads in Chinook, "a-al-ke-e"—bye and bye, New York!

From this same tower of Capitol Hill one may look down like the Muse of History upon what scenes of colorful change! The site of New York-Alki is visible yonder across the Bay. It was all but abandoned, however, after the first winter in favor of the nearer or eastern shore where now rises the lofty Smith Building which gives the city a happy accent and which identifies it over all the country about. There, within a few blocks of where it now stands, one may, in imagination, see enacted again nearly the whole early drama of Seattle. Someone has said of the authentic New York that "from the Battery to Canal Street, it is history; from Canal

Street upward, it is real estate." So the settlement of the hillsides was never so interesting nor so important as the events which, for more than three decades, happened along that distant water's edge between Jackson and Madison Streets.

There, the first autumn, we see Henry Yesler building the sawmill whose "puffing, buzzing and blowing of steam" is to be the life of the village. Later, and some distance north and south of the mill, appear the two blockhouses against which, on a grey January morning in 1856, the yelling Indians charge down from the covert of First Hill. Howitzer shells from aboard the *Decatur* scream across Pioneer Place. Musketry rattles. Wicked arrows fly. And on the sawdust, the Indian Curley, bow and rifle in either hand, dances in defiance "like a huge spider crab!"

At last the war is broken, and Yesler walks again without fear between the mill and his white cottage under the great blackberry vine. Once more, the clatter of Uncle Tommy Mercer's wagon. Dexter Horton, with hands still cal-

loused from piling slabs, opens his modest bank. On Sundays, the Reverend Daniel Bagley in the "Brown Church," and the Reverend David Blaine in the "White Church" preach their wholesome gospel sermons. One hears the drone of school children through the windows of Bachelor's Hall. At sight of the weekly steamer, the men by habit drop their work and hurry to the wharf. Day after day, the poiseful Arthur Denny, father of the settlement, and David, his intrepid brother, and the redoubtable Dr. Maynard and Hanford and Butler and Frye and Terry come and go along the little streets.

On the shore are huddled the Indian shacks, with their cedar canoes dragged up out of the tide. The Indian, Seattle, whose name the village adopted after the desertion of New York-Alki, is himself a not unfamiliar figure. A lady who visited here in the sixties has told in her diary how

> "We saw a very dignified Indian, old and poor, but with something about him that led us to suspect that he was a chief. We found upon inquiry that it was Seattle, the old chief for whom the town was named, and the

head of all the tribes on the Sound. He had with him a little brown sprite that seemed an embodiment of the wind, such a swift, elastic, little creature—his great grandson, with no clothes about him, though it was a cold November day."

The Civil War darkens down. A flag is kept flying from a high pole beside the mill. These men of Illinois watch the red tides of battle ebb and flow incredibly far away as across the face of another planet, and Abraham Lincoln, rise to heroic frame.

Withal, the lofty firs crash one by one before the axe. Shadowy forms move about at twilight, "chunking up" the burning stumps. The smoke from Yesler's slab pile rises unweariedly through the years. A university with a cupola and Grecian columns is set against the wall of the forest. And white houses spread slowly up the hillside.

Then, after the stressful years of war, Seattle thrills with the hope that it may be chosen the terminus of the new railway. But on that July day in 1873, it is the tall McCarver in Old Tacoma, rather than Arthur Denny, at whom the finger of Fortune seems to point. The win-

ter comes in bitter gloom. However, with the next May Day there is a tremendous stir near the river mouth. A falling of timber, a clatter of shovels, and women busied over chowder kettles. Seattle is beginning a railroad on its own account across the Cascade Mountains! The townsmen never reach Snoqualmie Pass, for the Northern Pacific grudgingly gives them connection to the south. Then comes Judge Thomas Burke, the "Little Giant," who, in the face of injunctions and deputy sheriffs, maneuvers a railroad across the Snohomish River and opens a way to the north.

On a June afternoon a few years afterward, a hapless cabinetmaker overturns a gluepot, and twists a column of smoke into the sky, which can be seen as far as Tacoma. Fifty blocks are quickly laid in ashes. But, when winter comes, nearly a hundred new business houses have been brought under roof.

Yet, strive and build and dream as its people may, they cannot escape the doldrums of the nineties. Even by the close of the decade, one looks down upon scarcely more than an over-

grown village with cows pasturing about Pike and Pine Streets. Almost the only promise of a city is the little street-car trundling now and then up Second Avenue toward the half-empty hotel which seems to have stranded, with all its verandas and cupolas, on the Ararat of Denny Hill. The ragged firs stand upon the skyline, beaten though still defiant.

Then with the spring of 1897, stories of gold on the upper Yukon begin drifting out of the North. An occasional letter finds its way into the news. One is from a son who writes to his father:

> "Just above us on El Dorado, James McName found an $80 nugget and another worth $211 and just above him they got $800 in one pan. This is the richest thing ever known. Everybody is crazy. Everybody from Circle City is coming. About fifty tents are stretched alongside us, all from Circle City."

An old Alaskan forwards a message from his friend Casey on Bonanza Creek:

> "Don't pay any attention to what anyone says, but come in at your earliest opportunity. My God! It is

appalling to hear the truth, but nevertheless the world has never produced its equal before. Well, come. That's all!"

In mid-July, a Seattle man arrives at San Francisco on the little steamer *Excelsior*. Rumor has it that he lugged ashore "in a grip-sack" more than sixty thousand dollars of dust and nuggets. The *Portland* is due in Seattle shortly from St. Michaels. One paper gets word of her approach through the Associated Press. Already for some days, a redheaded lad from a rival paper has been waiting on the sands at Cape Flattery. When at last she heaves into the Strait, he overhauls her in a tug. A few hours later, on the morning of July seventeenth, one can see her prow pushing around Magnolia Bluff into Seattle harbor and, once she has warped into dock, the young reporter dashing toward his office on lower Cherry Street. There has been no such scene probably since Brannan, the Mormon shopkeeper, rushed hatless across the old San Francisco plaza, in 1848, crying, "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!" Before evening the city is agasp at the headlines:

STEAMER PORTLAND HERE

She Comes Bringing Sixty Passengers from "The Yukon" Laden with Golden Fruit.

BROUGHT DOWN HALF A TON OF GOLD

The Purser Has One Hundred and Seventy-Seven Thousand Dollars and the Men Have Double that Sum.

RICHES OF FAR-FAMED MONTE CRISTO OUTDONE

William Stanley Has $112,000—Clarence Berry Has $100,000—Henry Anderson Has $65,000 —"There Are Others."

Next morning Seattle is on the lips of the world. It makes itself instantly the outfitting depot for the North. Soon Pioneer Place and all the streets leading away from it are thronged with adventurers. Drivers train their dog-teams up and down First Avenue. Supplies are stacked on the sidewalks. Every lobby has its faro bank. At each new sailing, crowds of citizens and a brass band come down to the wharf. And month after month vessels return with weathered and frostbitten men, most of them

poorer than when they went, but a happy few bringing iron-ribbed boxes or clutching their moose-hide sacks.

Seattle is changed as by an enchanter's wand. The struggle for railroads, the ordeal by fire and that seemingly unending stress of the nineties have infused into the soul of a youthful city the indomitableness of its founders. Its men have developed an eagerness, a resourcefulness which in the supreme hour enables it above all the cities on Puget Sound to know the face of Destiny. Other great railroads are now come and a tremendous commerce has spread to the countries beyond the Pacific but the opening of Alaska, more than any other thing, gave Seattle the impetus of which it is conscious even until now. On every Alaska Day a wreath is justly placed before the Seward statue in Volunteer Park.

Looking abroad from one of these many hilltops, how wonderful a city has been built up out of the travail of these short years of Indian war, railroad building and the digging of Alaska gold! Gone now is almost every vestige of the mighty forest. Untold thousands have been ex-

pended merely in preparing the land. Probably enough timber has been destroyed to have housed another city. It is said that when Father Prefontaine built the first Catholic church on Washington Street, in the late sixties, his men cleared away one tree so enormous that its roots extended across a whole city block. The Easterner sometimes wonders why a two-hundred foot fir can not be left in one's backyard. The answer is that no man chooses to be killed in his bed. The fir rarely develops a root which is good against a blustery night. Everywhere in the new districts of Seattle as well as in the other cities of the Sound, the parkings are noticeably bare. They are now being beautified with elm and maple and especially mountain ash.

Gone, too, is every old building. It is the tragedy of Puget Sound that all its beginnings were wrought in the perishable medium of wood. Not long ago in New York, workmen lifted a part of the floor of Saint Paul's to discover that the oak beams were still sound where they had been laid on one of the wheatfields of the Six Boweries. But Saint Paul's is of stone. Almost

the only memorials of Seattle's history are the occasional plaques such as the Yesler relief on the Third Avenue wall of the Court House before which people seldom pause in their hurryings to and fro.

With all this new building you can observe, nonetheless, some evidence of maturity. On First Hill and along the west slope of Capitol Hill are heavily shaded avenues. Men, on their way to business, often drive through these tunnels of green trees to breathe again the air of home, for after all most people on Puget Sound are still from somewhere, and have not wholly broken with their past. Also, you find a few "San Francisco houses" of the early eighties such as the Haller and Collins homes on First Hill, with their tall windows and mansard roofs, which once were reached by roads winding through the forest. Sometimes of this or that block, you may say, as in parts of Olympia or Port Townsend, that the city is come of age.

But so mercurial is the life of these new cities that no one can tell how soon even districts such as these may change. First Hill, within the last

few years, has been built up with clubs, hospitals, residence hotels and apartments. White gowned nurses stroll along the sidewalks. Nuns lead their files of school children under the lofty towered Cathedral. First Hill and not a little of Capitol Hill will soon be institutionalized. Often one comes upon a steam-shovel routing among the ruins of some old home. In cities like Bruges and Nuremburg, the same oriel windows and step-gabled houses remain, and the new life like that of a tree, grows about the old and leaves it unimpaired, but in the wonderful though restless cities of the West one can never plant one's vine and figtree and say with any certainty, "Of these shall my children gather the fruit and sit in the shade." This incalculable, almost whimsical spirit of Progress sweeps away even the half-old things, shifts and builds anew.

Indeed, it is the boast of Seattle that a voice once spake, "Let even the hills be removed hence into the sea," and it was done. However difficult now to believe, there once stood in the region of west Pike and Pine Streets a hundred foot hill, with its many turreted hotel, which

threatened the progress of business altogether as it advanced north up Second, Third and Fourth Avenues from the site of Yesler's mill. Being composed, however, of glacial drift, it was washed heroically into the valley south of Lake Union and, in larger part improvidently into the Sound. This hydraulic onslaught reached north and south along the whole western slope of First Hill. Today, if some urban geologist were to put on his horn-rims and go prowling south on Third and Fourth Avenues from the Denny Regrade to that island on which the Coleman house still stands with its little orchard far above the street, he could read in the suspiciously high fronts how, during those cataclysmic times, the older buildings were once all but sluiced off their foundations.

But the men of Seattle, while they had the mustard-seed faith that removed some mountains, were content to leave much of First Hill and all of the farther hills unimpaired. Motors now take them by storm. Three cable-lines joggle up and down them as in San Francisco, to add to the city's gaiety. Their squat yellow

cars seldom approach a hill with the stealthiness of a bad habit, as Arnold Bennett once said of the trains on the Continent. At the first grip, they are more likely to slide their passengers into a heap and send their straphangers swinging perilously from loop to loop. Then, ascending from avenue to avenue, with the gripmen exercising their levers like gymnasts, and with hopperfuls of people jostling and beg-pardoning, these little cars clatter interruptedly up the hills and out of sight.

The cables of Seattle give one literally a cross-section of the city's life between the harbor and Lake Washington. Take, for instance, the cable up Yesler Way. This street, as late as a quarter of a century ago, was a road through the forest. Now, you can enter a car and rise as in the air, up and away from the Smith Tower where a ship lies moored at its foot, up past the Greek coffee-houses, up past police headquarters where, through a window, you sometimes see the Chief at his desk, up past the doorsteps where Japanese children play and where in spring a particular Japanese window drips with

wistaria bloom; and then you travel past the synagogues and the quiet streets beyond until, rising and falling with the gentle swell of the land, you come in sight of the Lake, far below, and glide down to its beautiful park in a long, last descent.

Only from the higher ridges of the city, can you get any idea of how this new Carthage has outgrown its strips of oxhide and spread uncontrollably beyond its first rampart of hills. Long ago it crossed the little valley east of Yesler's mill, where the Indian trail led back into the mountains. It settled Beacon Hill. It spread north to the boldest of all the hills, Queen Anne, and east over the summit of First Hill. It followed down into the hollows and eastward across to that long ridge of Renton and Capital Hills under which Lake Washington lies. In still wider range, Seattle now extends all the way from the beautiful estates of the Highlands in the north, across the Fort Lawton peninsula, around the Bay with its grey skyscrapers, past the smoking factories of the Duwamish Flats and historic Alki Point, to Fauntleroy Cove in the

Seattle Sky-line

south, an infinitely varied and seemingly endless panorama of city. Nowhere is one so impressed by this broad scene as on the east brow of Capitol Hill whence, looking across the University Campus and Fremont and Ballard, one sees the colorful, roof-scattered hills rolling away to the horizon and Mt. Baker hovering like a cloud.

As might be expected from such a varied topography, nearly every slope and ridge has its pretentious homes. Especially in Laurelhurst, the Uplands, Denny-Blaine and Broadmoor, the builders have caught the artistic possibilities of the hillsides, and have laid out winding roads and gardens with thrilling prospects. Overlooking the Sound or Lake Washington there is many a window which frames a picture so perfect that only the passing of a sail breaks the illusion. The city, in parts, may be prosaically checker-boarded yet, as a whole, up hill and down dale, it is never without some fresh beauty and surprise. There is scarcely a street where you will not find those changes in the inherited architecture, which are coming slowly to dis-

tinguish the homes of the Sound Country—the narrow eaves, the wide window spaces, stoeps rather than broad porches, and bright exteriors to contrast with the cloudy winters and blue-green of the landscape. In vacant lots, you still see great stumps tangled over with salal and bracken, and roughly notched where, on that fateful day, the faller "bit in" his springboard. Covies of quail often dart across private lawns. And off toward the sky, the lonely firs, some lordly and tall, some with torn plumes, others with a rakish, devil-may-care look, but always dark and venturous, the lingering thrill of a yet untamed country. Everywhere, the evidence of a city only just emerged, and about which is still a cleanness and flavor of the wild.

This variety of effect is enhanced by the many parks, such as Volunteer with its long pergola where in July the roses tumble down in armfuls, and where, in the same moment, you can see the snows of the Cascades to the east and the snows of the Olympics to the west; Kinnear, that strip of shaded garden clinging to the lower slope of Queen Anne Hill and impending above

the sea; Schmitz far across the Bay, near where the pioneers landed, and to the north of the City, Ravenna, both of them with ancient trees and with streams gurgling down between banks of lush fern. Most unusual of all is that parked boulevard which follows under the eastern edge of the city, beside Lake Washington, where you are always in sight of mountains and water, and where sometimes the airplanes like great bees come whirring up out of the back country of Sand Point Field. Along the whole length of it, from where you first see the campus of the University of Washington with its fine Tudor Gothic, past the Leschi Ferry whose boats journey to and from that fair, blue region across the Lake, as far as the forest of Seward Park, it is a road of changing and unforgettable beauty.

The throb and human color of the city is to be found largely in that more limited area extending from the railroad terminals, which are south of the Smith Tower, around the base of First Hill and north along the Bay as far as the Pike Place Market and thence several blocks East.

The district between the railroad stations and the Tower is, probably more than any other on Puget Sound, a rendezvous for the itinerant laborer—cannery workers down from Alaska, sailors off the tramp steamers, ranch hands from east of the mountains, and more numerous than all, the woodsmen in from "the big sticks" such as fallers, buckers up, hookers, cooks and plain lumberjacks. These men of the forest are unmistakable figures in short cut or rolled-up dungarees, loitering along the curb or carrying their cruiser's knapsacks and battered suitcases.

Here, too, is the most distinctive Oriental quarter. Jackson Street is the Yellow Sea insofar as it determines nationality. To the north of it are the Japanese whose many babies, artificial as dolls, toddle about the door-steps and in whose shop windows, you sometimes see little gardens with torii and tiny cranes under the cryptomeria. Nearby, the Bailey-Gatzert school ground is crowded with Japanese faces. Up from this district on Saturday mornings, Japanese children with books on their arms come in shoals to the Public Library.

South of Jackson, you come into a Chinatown. Here you are aware of a subtle difference in the Orientalness. The effect is unchanged by the flashily dressed Filipinos who haunt the sidewalks. You see fewer women and children than among the Japanese. There is more gravity and silence. The men, in black blouses and straw sandals, walk with a weavy, swinging gait. And their shelves, stacked with all manner of wares and delicacies, lengthen back into the dark.

It is the sight of Chinese and especially of Japanese, not so much living here about Jackson Street as engaged in various enterprises all over the city, and the friendly contact of the people with them, that makes one appreciate how close is Puget Sound to the "old East just under the curve of the world," and how without question Seattle must look beyond the Pacific if it would achieve its ultimate greatness. One can read a certain destiny in those weirdly lettered headstones of Lakeview Cemetery, as one stands almost beside the graves of the pioneers.

There are other little colonies scattered about

the city, where you may travel much in the world if you know how. The Scandinavian drawl is heard on almost every street corner. There are Swedish and Norwegian churches whose spires remind you of stavkirken. In Ballard, on Sunday evenings, you may hear an Icelandic sermon. Off Yesler Way, and not far from where the white cottage with its blackberry vine once stood, one looks into Greek coffee-houses and hears the men of the Balkans, like so many Tartarins de Tarascon, fighting over again all the Turkish wars. A Jewish quarter has grown up on the south side of the city. There, the rooster crows on Kosher windows and bewigged Mütterchen gossip about the doorways. And on the steep slope where Capitol Hill plunges into Lake Union, you will find tiny St. Spironidus, under the shadow of whose bulbous spire, hundreds of Russians have lately gathered in from the Orient.

The street which more than any other seems to carry human interest north with it out of the district of the Smith Tower and Jackson Street is First Avenue. Looking from Pioneer Place

you note the old façades which were the pride of cities in the nineties. Here is still some of the movement and color of the gold days. All the way up the avenue you pass intriguing places—the bench by the Totem Pole where the squaws rest their feet from the harsh pavements, the Stevens lobby with its fresco of the *Victoria* off the ice at Nome, Filson's which was the great Alaska outfitter, the shooting galleries, the fire sales, the pawnshops with their nugget jewelry, goldfish vendors, and the Bird Store where, under the cedar sprays in a great window, you can always see finches and linnets fluttering, and sometimes a lonely merle.

From here, it is only a step to a broad, brown many-windowed building all astir inside with the life and brightness of a country fair. There is no telling what fruits and flowers and vegetables, what fish, what flesh, what fowl you might not find if you explored there. But these you leave to cross a narrow street choked with traffic and enter an arcade seemingly endless, with heads bobbing down its length as far as you can see. Here you run a gauntlet of cries and colors. On

one side, the butchers, the bakers and, instead of the candle-stick makers, delicatessen keepers, poulterers, coffee merchants, fruit vendors; on the other side, a great confusion of faces and vegetables, with Italians in open shirts and with smiling Japanese, standing each behind his bright, individual mountain of potatoes and peas, radishes and beets, cabbages and carrots, tomatoes, lettuce, beans, apples and berries, according to season, all a picture dashed with reds and greens like the palette of an old Dutch master. Then, when you have passed all these and filled or partly filled your basket, you come into the arcade of the farmers, weathered, native faces, in whose stalls you are offered dressed hares, cottage cheese, butter, honey, homemade jams and jabbering baby ducklings.

After awhile, interesting personalities and places disengage themselves. You come to know "Weeping Jerry," purveyor of horseradish, and the ingenious man behind the doughnut machine; the Sicilian, Giuseppe, who styles himself king of the truck gardens, the sauerkraut woman, the blind Alaskan who knits his market bags

by the post. And sooner or later you find your way down into that Aladdin's cave where you may buy a Greek folksong, or a potted fuschia or a lithograph of the Madonna, before you emerge into the light.

Indeed, whether under or above ground, you almost forget to buy. What with the opposing processions and easy jostle of people, the hawking of nearly everything edible under the sun, the honking of horns, the robusto of some phonograph swelling now and then above the medley of voices, and the occasional glimpse of ships passing below on the Sound, you eddy as in a daze, helplessly and not unhappily wherever the current of trade may carry you. Such is the Pike Place Market!

Below First Avenue, Seattle is a city of the sea. The breath of the forest has passed, but the freshness of the tides remains. Nearly all the shops below First Avenue tell of the sea, with their cordage, their propellers like gold-leaved clovers, their anchors, seines, oilskins and ship's lanterns. At the foot of Columbia Street is "Ye Olde Curiosity Shop" which you enter

between two jawbones of a whale sufficiently large to keep you orthodox all the rest of your life. Once within, you finger over Eskimo carvings, South Sea corals, African spears, samovars, cloisonné, huge devil fish and idols carved on grains of rice.

Hereabouts are stalls filled with fish and other seafood—white halibut, silvery smelt, blue herring, red-snappers, great Dungeness crabs, Olympia oysters, sackfuls of clams from Agate Pass, and, most beautiful of all, the pink-fleshed salmon.

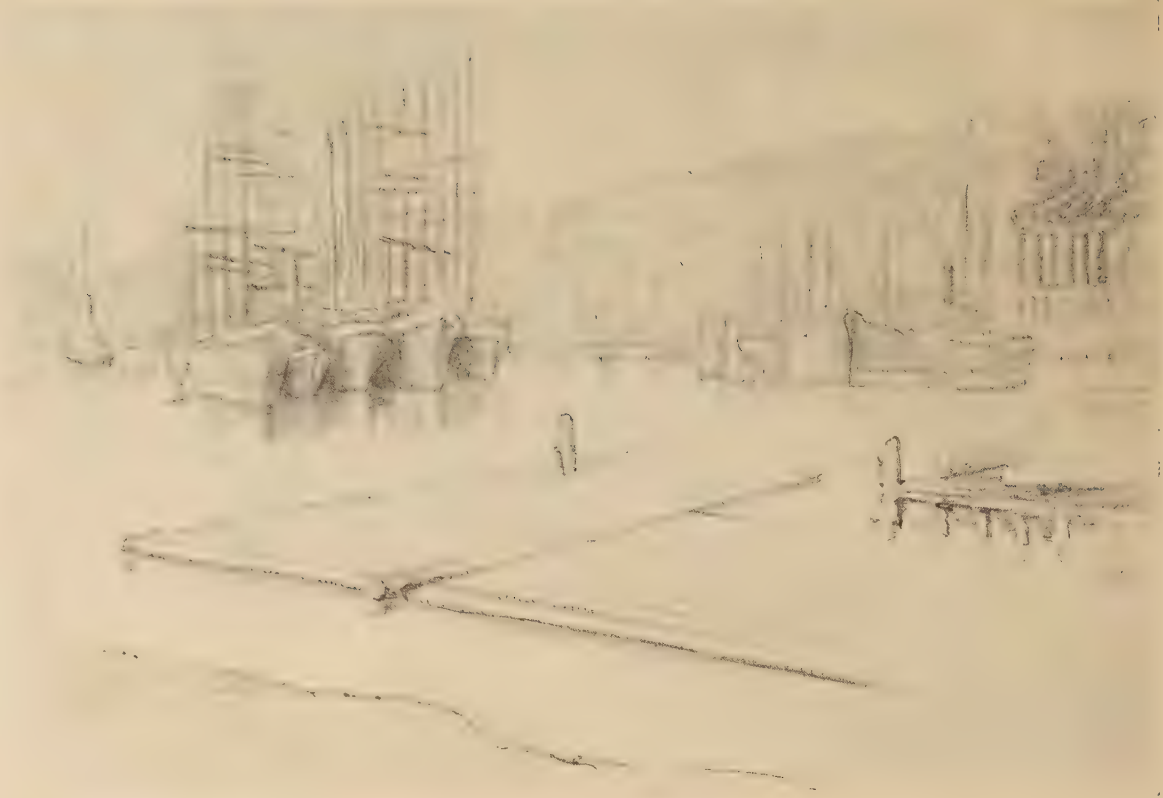
The diaries of the poineers often speak of this delectable fish. When Arthur Denny's party reached the Columbia River in 1851, it is recorded that John Lowe who was then leading the wagons, stripped off his outer shirt and traded it to an Indian for a salmon, the first that any of them had ever seen. Dr. Maynard, who two years before, had worked his way across the plains as a physician, wrote when his emigrant train reached the Powder River, "Killed a noble salmon, taking breakfast out of him and a noble dish it was. I just wish my family had

such a fine fish to work at!" And who that has read *Canoe and Saddle* can forget Winthrop and Loolowcan the Frowsy, grilling their salmon on the banks of the White River, which "only that morning had tasted the pickle of Whulge"?

Nowhere better than here along Railroad Avenue can one indulge in what has so well been called the luxury of hanging over harborsides. Vessels of every tonnage lie between the red warehouses. Hither the commuters rush to take their boats across the Bay. From below Madison, a hydroplane ferries you on the hour across Bainbridge Island to Bremerton. Alongside the Pacific Fishing & Trading Company's dock, the halibut schooners, with dories stacked aft, are always outfitting for the Alaska Banks. The waterfront continues north, around the base of Queen Anne Hill, into Smith's Cove where the largest ship terminals are. From the hillside above, especially from the end of West Highland Drive, you may hear the clamor of winches and the thunder of the stevedores as the American and Japanese steamers handle their cargoes of lumber and tea and silk. This, the bright vision

of Ledyard and Astor and Benton—an entrepot on the Pacific Coast for the riches of America and the Orient! Within the city itself are the fresh waters of Lake Union and Lake Washington with a multitude of houseboats. In these lakes, also you have the unexpected sight of steamers and sometimes of old square-riggers which have put in through the Ship Canal to soak themselves free of barnacles.

Along this whole water-edge, fresh and salt alike, you feel the romance of the North. On the shores of Lake Union and the Canal, the whaling and herring fleets tie up for the winter. When the March sun begins to weave nets of light along their hulls, they cast off, one by one, and turn again toward the Government Locks and the Alaska waters. The *Boxer* with fresh scars on her hull, puts into Seattle on her return from Point Barrow. The *Maude* sailed from the foot of Eagle Street on her drift through the polar icepack. Peary's old ship, the *Roosevelt,* is now a tramp on the Bay. Here the dismantled *Norge* was brought after the



Lake Union, Seattle

flight from Spitzbergen. And from these docks, every year, little trading schooners like northward winging birds, put out for the settlements on the Kuskokwim and the Yukon and Anadyr.

The one event of the waterfront which season after season reveals the inseparable bond between Seattle and Alaska, is the first sailing of the *Victoria,* when, in late May or early June, the news comes from Nome that the ice is going out. Long before ten of that busy morning, people begin gathering at the Alaska Steamship Dock. Passengers with luggage jostle their way through. There are calls of recognition, hand-wavings. At the whistle, everybody pushes close to the vessel's side. The foredeck is crowded with men in flannel shirts. Some have climbed into the rigging.

A Scandinavian boasts, "Aye go-o by her alla ye-e-r for tvinty y-e-e-r."

On the cabin deck appears a figure in loud overcoat.

"That guy was a barkeep in Nome in ninety-eight. He bought in a stake," someone remarks over your shoulder. "Now look at him!"

"Oh, you from Council!" yells another at the man hurrying up the gangplank.

"You see the fellow talkin' across the rail?" some sourdough inquires. "Well, I saw him win the sweepstakes when I was in Nome. An Indian was driving ahead of him and tried to do up his dogs. Dropped a blanket across the trail as if he'd lost it. When the fellow picked it up, he found the underside stuck full of porcupine quills!"

At last, the captain takes the bridge. He looks down good-naturedly upon the crowd. Then, amid the blowing of whistles and great wavings, this old ship of many storms heads again toward the midnight sun.

"She lists to port," says a little old man as he gazes wistfully then turns away, "that's always lucky."

It is when you leave the rougher scenes of the waterfront and, by contrast, wander along such a street as Second Avenue that you are, after all, convinced of the metropolitanism of Seattle. Here you look up and down a deepening canyon between walls of buildings, with its lofty office

windows, its banks, shops, and surging people. And on rainy evenings no beauty of eastern cities is more brilliant than the gold, and the flash and color of this avenue under its mile long row and wilderness of lights. In that wide area east of the Pike Place Market, where trilliums and feathermoss grew not so long ago and where dinky coal trains clattered down through the forest, much of the city's retail business is now carried on. Here, has been a very fever of growth —new hotels, theatres, department stores and other huge structures with cornice soaring above cornice. Let it be standing under the topless tower of the Northern Life Building with its retreating architecture or looking north past the brown façade of the White-Henry-Stuart Building or coming down Olive Way some misty morning toward the high walls which stand about Times Square, and you will discern even in these newer districts the rising of a great city.

The crowds whom you meet in these avenues and markets and the thousands of families whom you see busied about their little flower-set homes are largely of old American stock, a wholesome

and buoyant, if not vivacious, people among whom happiness seems to be spread abroad a little more evenly, perhaps, than in most other places of the world. Environment has already told upon them. They show a preference for soft hats and easy dress. In winter the men have a somewhat untidy habit of flipping up their coat collars against the rain, but they have a fine easy stride, and a refreshing unpretense and directness. There is about everyone a dignity, yet a flavor of friendliness. In their faces you read more of zest than of strain. They are of the Coast, to whom all the rest of the country is but Middle West and East.

Seattle lacks almost entirely that quality of westernness which is so much a part of the reading and imagination of the Easterner. A few Indians vend their baskets on the sidewalk and an east-of-the-mountains cowboy, in ten gallon hat, sometimes rides his cayuse up Second Avenue or stalks about the corners awkwardly, but these are mere incidents and all out of genius with the place. Rather like San Francisco, it has the freshness, the openness, the cosmopolitanism

which comes from the sea. Here, too, is a valiancy of spirit and a deep-throbbing energy which is not of the older states, nor of the plains. And, here, possibly more than all, you have a sense of spiritual resources yet unrealized, the fascination of a wondrously environed city which has not yet touched the walls of reality, and is still blessed in the illusions of youth.

To stand in Volunteer Park on a summer evening and see the darkening waters of the Sound and, beyond them, the distant line of the Olympics,

> ". . . like some dragon fast asleep along the west,
> With wrinkled, purple wings and great, craggy claws,"

and then to watch the radiance of this new city beating upward against the sky in a hood of misty light is to feel one's soul grow tender and strangely thrilled. However changed, however lofty, the roofs and towers which will one day crown these many hills, one may say of a certainty that here is a city which will continue to inspire as fierce and fond attachments as any America has ever known.

IX

THE CLIMBING OF KULSHAN

THE great watchtower which guards the Puget Sound Country in the north as Rainier guards it in the south was called by the Indians, Kulshan. It was one of those cresset mountains which long ago blackened the Pacific skies, and the last, probably, to burst into flame. Yet, unlike Rainier, it is not a lava-spilled cone, but rather a laborious uplift of the whole country about, cataclysmic and broken, now exploded by subterranean fires into a crater here, now there, and shot through with lofty juts of basalt. It commands the horizon like Rainier, white, tremendous, solitary.

When Quimper saw it, he was reminded of the White Friars and so bestowed upon it "a soft meandering Spanish name," La Gran Montaña del Carmelo. But Captain Vancouver, the

supreme nomenclator, was yet to come, and so it bears today the name of Mt. Baker in honor of the lieutenant who served him as official map-maker.

The climbing of Kulshan was not, of course, a matter to concern the early explorers. In the late sixties Mrs. Leighton's diary refers to an unnamed Englishman who had been three years trying to accomplish the first ascent. In recounting his final success, he told her that, although he had travelled much in the Alps, he had seen "an entirely new phenomenon on the summit of Mt. Baker—the snow like little tongues of flame." On the last day's climb, he and his two companions threw away their blankets so as to be encumbered as little as possible and by good fortune they "happened at night upon a warm cavern where any extra coverings would have been quite superfluous. It was part of a crater but they slept quietly notwithstanding!" This could have been none other than the artist Coleman who, a few years later, tried to accompany Stevens and Van Trump on their first ascent of Rainier. Doubtless, many an

evening from his home in Victoria, he had watched the light pale over Kulshan.

To approach the mountain you do not, as half a century ago, paddle for days with superstitious Indians, up the Nooksack River and then fight your way through miles of undergrowth and over gigantic windfalls, to the snowline. You set out from Bellingham, that northwesternmost and very beautiful little city of the high hill and island-fringed harbor. As Tacoma assumes an ownership in Rainier, so Bellingham claims Mt. Baker. The stage whirls you past green farmsteads and through blackened timber slashings, and sets you down, almost before you are aware, at Glacier. This was formerly road's end and has still the air of a jumping-off place, though for just what, you may not surmise unless, a few miles back, on crossing the North Fork of the Nooksack, you chanced to catch a glimpse of high, glistering snowfields.

A few summers ago, I was one of a party which made the ascent from the west side. The morning before, we heard the grit of hobnails in front of the little Glacier Hotel and the impatient

stamp of packhorses as the men cinched up the hitches. Toward noon all was ready, and the guide pointed with his ice-axe in the direction of the Glacier Creek trail. *Avaunt!* By nightfall, we were to camp on Heliotrope Ridge, under the Coleman Glacier.

The beginning of the trail was disillusionment itself. That demon of the forest, a donkey-engine, had been at work there and, as always, fire had followed in its wake. The mountain-side might have been the Argonne itself, with black logs littered among blacker stumps, with desolate firs here and there, still standing, and with the reddened soil, scorched of every living thing save the yellow-winged grasshopper, which rose sometimes to crackle for a moment in the sun.

At last we reached the portals of the forest. And what forest to have spared! Lofty firs such as no man could fancy, who had not seen them, firs that stood in orderly grandeur, with bars of light striking down through the gloom as from clerestory windows, and great silence falling upon the soul, tenuously, like flakes of dusk and

gold. As in the forest where Beethoven walked, every tree seemed to cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy." The Douglas fir is a tree indeed, to grow in the forecourts of great mountains.

The quiet of the trail was broken only by the sound of streams. In an hour or more, we reached the Twin Falls, one a succession of cascades flouncing down like lace; the other a wild cataract leaping out boldly into space and shattering upon the rocks in rainbow spray. Sometimes we passed high walls plushed with moss and decorated with maidenhair fern, like a bridal altar, or hurried underneath rock-shelves over which little waters trickled, or looked up through garrulous ravines where the melted snows poured down from above timberline. One of these gorges was riotous with orange columbine. Below the trail, our eyes followed the streams under canopies of devil's club, down the forest, almost to the Creek.

There is an Indian legend that these two great guardians of the Sound Country, Kulshan and Takhoma, once dwelt together and were inseparable. But quarrels arose and when they came to

choose their separate stations, one to the north and the other to the south, Takhoma, by some artifice, gained possession of all the flowers and would neither yield nor share the wealth of them. And yet we wondered as we climbed the lower slopes of Kulshan. Certainly the dainty twin flowers were not of the spoil, for here we saw them in myriads, and, where the sun fell upon them, their innumerable little bells shook out their fragrance over the trail. Spirea grew in the underwood and at unexpected turns, sprays of goat's beard exploded their white shrapnel over us, and all the low places of the forest were athrill with fern.

Toward the end of the afternoon, we came to the unbridged chasm of Glacier Creek where the horses could go no further. Every man then shouldered his pack. The rest of the trail proved to be steep climbing, so that it was nearly dusk when we came into our open camp-ground below Heliotrope Ridge. We were now over three thousand feet and had seven thousand more waiting us on the morrow. Here the two branches of the Creek came brawling down, all roily,

from the glacier. Their banks were set with pagoda-like clumps of silver fir, which told us that we were nearing the upper line of timber. We dropped our packs, not overfatigued but in that happy state where one is conscious of one's every muscle. Coffee-buckets were swung presently and little tongues of flame leaped up from half a dozen fires.

Our great mountain was nowhere to be seen, for we were too near its shoulder, but we could look north, from whence we came, across the Nooksack to Church Mountain. The late sun was painting the sky with orange and rose, and its sombre slopes were slowly falling into shadow. With the wearing out of the evening, the fires died down and each man retired to his leafy covert. From the flaps of our tents, we watched the invisible fingers light, one by one, the lamps of the stars and fell asleep with an Alaska robin calling out of a distant fir, melancholy as a whip-poorwill.

One's sleep the night before an ascent may be dreamless or it may be troubled, according as one has found a comfortable bedding-spot or has

used his strength during the day, but there is no mortal who does not inwardly resent the "waking-call."

Four o'clock!

The sleeping bags began to stir like a colony of brown cocoons and tousled figures emerged, but not as creatures of wings nor even with wingèd feet. There was a little shivering in the sharp air, a little stirring of porridge over campfires, an inspection of shoes and caulks, a strapping on of rucksacks, then a clatter of alpenstocks on the stones. In an hour we were on the rough trail up Heliotrope Ridge. We soon climbed out of the gloom of the forest. The mountain ash cumbered the ground, a mere shrub, and purple penstemon, so low it seemed scarcely to have stems at all, and the gold of arnica lay scattered among the thinning firs. Everywhere, the fragrant heliotrope brushed our clothes and sometimes, tufts of white heather, which the Scotchmen of us insisted was an omen of good luck. We saw the seracs of the Coleman Glacier beyond us. Then we found ourselves climbing along the edge of a stupendous gla-

cial chasm into the depths of which the ice-wall tumbled down in wild confusion to lie at the mercy of the sun.

From the upper end of Heliotrope Ridge, it was only a short climb to one of the edges of the Glacier. Kulshan is the most wondrous white mountain of the Cascades. Indeed, many of these peaks on Puget Sound rise almost out of the sea and, being exposed to heavy precipitation, they have such a mantle of glaciers and generally such alpine characteristics as can be found elsewhere only among mountains of much greater altitude. And so from now on, we were committed to a world of snow and ice. We worked steadily up and across this seemingly endless névé, keeping westward and free of the seracs at the head of the chasm. As we rose, we became more aware of our route. To the east, we now looked up to red walls of lava rock which we knew to be a rim of Summit Crater. We could distinguish the different layers of congealed lava, showing how viscid and how spasmodic and short sustained must have been the several flows. Over this rock mass, lay a broken ice-cap. To

the west, rose those remarkable aiguilles of basalt, the Black Buttes. Southward, between them and Summit Crater, was the saddle whither we tended.

The snowfield showed the strain, and had split here and there into wide crevasses, so that we ventured warily. Some were clean gashed, with blue shadows far down their side; others were shattered as by some intolerable wrench of Nature. These blue shadows of the upper snows, especially in the crevasses, were almost as beautiful as the snow itself. Even the holes left by one's alpenstock were exquisite. This was because there were no clouds overhead and such shadows were partly the reflection of the sky, for a yellow sun casts upon the snow, blue, its complimentary color.

We were soon aware of an insufferable brightness. Suddenly halting, the guide called, "Time to paint up!" Sticks of grease paint instantly appeared, of every color known to a Siwash. The whole face had to be worked over and then surmounted by smoked glasses. What a few moments before had been human beings were

now become so many pink and red and black automatons, as depersonalized as deep-sea divers.

"Don't forget," the guide warned, "you are likely to sweat a little off. Keep some handy—carry a gob in the hollow of each ear—then you'll know where to find it!"

The intense whiteness of alpine snowfields has long been thought to result from the mixture of ice particles with small spaces of air. A modern art critic, however, insists that the fringed snow particles disperse the colors of the spectrum and that the mass of scattered colors are then reblended into a more intense light, quite as the Impressionist lays color beside color, and so obtains a vibrancy higher than the pure white which they together compose. Whatever the theory, one never forgets the savage glare, almost the white fire of the upper snows, and woe betide him who ventures upon them unprotected, for if he be lucky enough ever to return, he may sit for a season after he has repented, like Jonah, under a gourd vine that it may "be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief."

Slowly we climbed toward the Black Buttes,

up the blinding snow which rose like the walls of some ever receding amphitheatre, searching sometimes the edge of sharp crevasses, frowned down upon by scarred and silent peaks, seeing no living thing, and above the shadow of forests, high above even the rustle of streams. We heard no sound save the bite of the alpenstock and the ceaseless crunch of the snow under our feet.

On one of the steeper slopes, our guide very prudently stopped to show the new climbers how to use their alpenstocks.

"When you cross a slope, always keep your alpenstock on the upper side. If you fall, you must always drop face down and dig the spike in."

And making sure there was no crevasse below, he ordered a "fall." Obediently, this little troop of weird, be-goggled creatures then executed such a variety of fallings, rollings, floppings and diggings-in that he lifted his hand, "Good enough! I don't think we'll need to rope when we get above the saddle."

Turning back after the march had been re-

sumed, he said, "When we get to seven thousand, I'll show you how to breathe."

Ahead of us, lay the spent wreckage of an avalanche which had torn the snow out of the side of the westernmost Butte and left it black and gleaming. Everywhere about us, we found scattered blocks and crushed masses of snow, some as big as houses, among which we picked our way as through the walls of a ruined city. Nearer the saddle, the Buttes were banked and corniced with snow, with black juts showing above, which were the apices of these mighty monuments of seamless basalt thrust three thousand feet out of the heart of what was once a vast crater. They rivalled Kulshan itself for stupendous grandeur.

From this rising vantage, the north country began to reveal itself. In the other directions, the view had not yet opened. We saw the ribbon of a river winding slowly westward through the gloom of the hills, which some believed to be the Fraser but which finally proved to be the Nooksack. Church Mountain had fallen so far below us that we would scarcely have known it but

for its lone snow crest. Farther northward, the mountains rose with every step until they seemed to build an impregnable rampart along the whole Canadian border.

We rested below the saddle to munch some dried fruit and hardtack. This we ate with snow which we were careful to warm in our mouths before swallowing. It was on this occasion that the guide imitated, for our instruction, the climber who has not learned to "breathe." He performed a ludicrous plod, plod, plod. With tongue out and sides heaving, he paused to hang a moment over the blade of his ice-axe then, resuming his plod, he brought up shortly on the verge of exhaustion.

"Now when I reach about seven thousand feet," he said, becoming serious, "I begin to breathe more deeply and I rest while I climb!" Whereupon he exhibited that rhythmic rest-lift-rest-lift movement which makes the alpinist look like a performer in slow photography.

It was here below the saddle that we became aware of a lone cloud above us. All real mountaineers are watchers of the clouds, for it is not

alone that they are the outriders of the weather and should be watched as a matter of caution but, as one climbs higher and higher, one feels oneself more familiarly at home with them. One comes into the very places where they move and have their being. All morning, the sky had covered us like a bowl of Chinese porcelain. But now, a breeze came up from the south and, as it swept across the Summit Crater a couple of thousand feet above us, a little cloud was condensed into the likeness of a white dolphin, with its round head bearing against the wind and its tail in continual wave and change, throwing off flecks of foam, as it sailed the waters of its invisible sea.

We won the saddle finally and were surprised to find it, in many places, bare of snow. Porous rock was littered about everywhere and our feet sometimes sank into the grey pumice mud. Gloves were put on and coats buttoned to the ears, for we knew now what winds swept these heights. The sky to the west had changed and we could see how the clouds were gathered and torn and flung in white streamers upon the upper

air. The breeze from the south freshened and, at the lower horn of the saddle, the great snow cornices of the Buttes were losing away in the mist.

The wind beat the face refreshingly and one felt one might almost feed upon the clean air which seemed to have become, in this high region, a thing of substance, like meat and drink. But the test of such fancy was for the guide to produce from his rucksack, unexpectedly, a can of peaches. Here on this wild ridge of the mountains, the nourishing air forgotten, and the flying clouds, and oblivious even of the yet unaccomplished task above us, we swallowed each his meagre dole, and for that brief moment, we were verily the ambrosial gods upon Olympus!

From the farther edge of the saddle, we now looked down its other slope upon the Deming Glacier, a vast, steep concourse of ice, its seracs jostled high against its banks, and sweeping away to the south out of sight. We had a glimpse into the Baker Lake country and were on the alert for a sight of Rainier. Looking above us, our dolphin had plunged beneath the

waves of its azure sea, and the Summit Crater, still unobscured, stood sharply against the sky. Under its cap, was exposed to the south, a great wall of rock, green like verdigris. The snow-slope leading up to it and above us was all of forty-five degrees.

"I see where Coleman had to cut his four hundred steps," exclaimed one.

"We can't get up this side of the wall," said the guide, "we must go under it and then strike across the slope beyond."

We now girded ourselves for this last and steepest ascent. No ropes were used. It may be observed that mountain climbers in the Sound Country do not resort to the rope so frequently as in Switzerland. Possibly the rope is used too seldom, yet accidents on such account are very infrequent. And so this was gingerly going, with alpenstock lashed to the wrist by an ample thong of rawhide and feet placed carefully in the footsteps of the man ahead. Only in a few places, did we find it necessary to cut steps with the axe. The snow was granulated and soft. After we passed under the wall, we had our first

Mt. Baker from the Strait of Juan de Fuca

blast of sulphur air. We discovered below us a grey spur possibly a quarter of a mile distant, which was obviously the remnant of a crater. On the snowy face of it showed a circular vent, a hundred feet or more in diameter, fuming quietly and casting across the whiteness, a changing, threadlike skein of shadow. We were very sure Coleman never slept without blankets or otherwise in that particular cavern. His couch must have been spread in some more friendly crater. This seemed to be the only sign of volcanic life.

A man standing on Baker Lake one morning in August 1900, claims to have witnessed a sulphurous steam rise out of the summit like smoke from a chimney, to a height of a thousand feet. The skeptical attributed this appearance to clouds and forest fires. Smoke has been observed in the crater, however, within historic times and it is not impossible that the vent which we saw might, on occasions, have fumed, and may yet fume, more violently, though Kulshan is now all but burned out.

With a little more climbing, we found that what we surmised to be the crest, was only a

lofty stage from which we could view the actual summit. Still ten minutes away, we saw that mound which the surveys declare to be 10,814 feet above the sea. The first men to reach the crest stood like caryatids under the roof of the sky. But upon a floor of dead, white snow! Under what strangely lighted heavens could it ever have seemed "little tongues of flame"?

At last, all the south and east country opened before us like a white and green-blue map. Shuksan, the nearest companion of Kulshan, lay below us to the east, with no hint of its tragic profile. Farther to the south, we saw that gem of wild, blue water, Baker Lake, and on its grassy marge, our glasses revealed the Government Hatchery. We followed its outlet down the long course of Baker River between mountain walls steeped in the velvet gloom of forests, to where it joined the Skagit and started westward to the sea. Everywhere, a chaos of mountains, gleaming white and grey and blue, surging like a savage sea higher and still higher against the pale sky. The whole horizon to the south was

dashed into spray of flying cloud. And alas, Rainier had been overwhelmed.

"If it comes at all," said the guide, "it will come out of that highest bank."

Our eyes searched to no avail. But some of us who had seen it from other summits of the Cascades, knew in what majesty it might have come, rising slowly into the blue or tearing asunder its veils of mist, and advancing suddenly in terrible array. Over the Black Buttes the winds were whisking the clouds as out of a cauldron, and to the north the hand of man was doing its best to mar the prospect, for a forest fire had been set, and the sea-wind was sweeping a band of pearly smoke for fifty miles eastward along the Canadian border. But we could see dimly to the northwest, the spires of Bellingham and could imagine the glint of open water tufted with some islands of the San Juans.

These glories of the earth were matched by the glories of the air, for out of the north spread a mighty fan of strato-cirrus cloud, and out of the south a mighty fan, until the bars of them

touched and crossed as though great blasts of visible sound were being blown from celestial trumpets across the sky.

As we gazed down from this snowy summit, we felt that existence had turned back to the first days of creation. The earth was below us; the sky, above us; light was around us; and, for the moment, we lived above the elements themselves. We had won our way up out of a murky world of which we now had surcease and of which for the moment we were no longer a part. It was very hard to believe that a hundred miles away by the dim sea, there were frail houses made with hands where children played about sunny doorsteps, and little rooms where typewriters tinkled and men haggled over the price of shingles and herring, and ribbons of road where black automobiles like so many beetles scurried northward, ceaselessly, to slake their thirst beyond the forty-ninth parallel!

And if we gave thought to the mountain itself, what were we, in a material sense, but pale transiencies in a life which was not of History but of Time, a life which was passing through its mil-

lion years from flaming birth to its end in universal snow! What words of tremendous import, in language inarticulate to common ears, may not one day sweep between these lofty towers of Kulshan and Takhoma! Such language, it may well be, as Turgeneff once heard among the high Alps:

"What dost thou see?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Things seem to have grown clearer around us, close at hand," answers the Finsteraarhorn, "well, and yonder, far away in the valleys, there is still a spot, and something is moving."

"And now?" inquires the Jungfrau, after thousands of years which are as one minute.

"Now it is well," replies the Finsteraarhorn, "it is clean everywhere, quite white, wherever one looks. Everywhere is our snow, level snow and ice. Everything is congealed. It is well now, and calm."

Already the time had come to descend into the world of men. We had been on the summit nearly an hour; the day was falling; and the sky showed uncertain. In two or three hours we had to cover the trail which it had taken us almost all

the day to make. The descent to the saddle was in long glissades, sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, and handling, as dextrously as possible, our heels and alpenstocks. Below the Black Buttes, we slushed down the snowfields lazily in broken order, allowing our feet to carry us whither they would. Our footprints had been all but obliterated. Once there was confusion as to the course, and a man rashly attempted a glissade without having first inspected the slope. A crevasse yawned below him but his impetus carried him so nearly across that he scrambled to safety on the other side, with his hands and knees. The western sky had now grown bitter with clouds. The Nooksack crawled in from the sea like a serpent of blood. There was a last wicked flash of sunset and then came the sleet, in endless, driving lines. As we finally reached the edge of the glacier and hurried down into the timber, the sleet turned to rain and in rain we sought at last the shelter of our tents, not to sulk, but to glory, in our feeble human way, that we had captured the high walls of Kulshan.

X

THE CRUISE OF THE *Quadra*

SHE was a two masted auxiliary schooner of perhaps thirty tons. In the shelter of the cove that July morning she rode quietly as a gull, while the Philosopher hoisted the dinghy to the davits. The Bo'sun hurried forward to break out the anchor. As the winch stopped, the Skipper thrust his head from the pilot house to make sure that all was clear, then headed the vessel out from the shores of Whidby Island slowly under power.

It is probably true that philosophers as a profession seldom have any flavor of salt in them, but this exceptional Philosopher had come to be as much at home on the deck of his schooner as among the shelves of his own library. After many years he had brought himself to believe that he held all the waters and islands of the lower

Sound in a sort of spiritual fee. The Skipper, while less a philosopher, was even more a sailor. He had shipped before the mast in his youth, and had sighted the Kerguelen Isle, and once in a squall off the Horn he had been swept overboard and had saved himself only by clinging to a rope. It was his pride to name every passage and headland from Puget Sound to the Aleutian Islands. The third member of this short-handed crew, the Bo'sun, was much the junior of both the Philosopher and the Skipper, not only in years, but in experience; a man who upon his own confession scarcely knew a halyard from a hawser. As the Skipper struck him off, "he was a bo'sun who had never bo'sed before!"

Their plan of cruise had been settled one evening amid a confusion of charts in the Philosopher's library. The course was to be laid up Saratoga Passage through Deception Pass into the San Juan archipelago, then across the International Boundary at least as far as the Pender Islands. But the Skipper had insisted on seeing

again the cliffs of Trincomali so that finally the Philosopher had consented.

"We shall make it then, into Porlier Pass and look up "Old Sticks," then have a day's sailing on the Strait on our way home!"

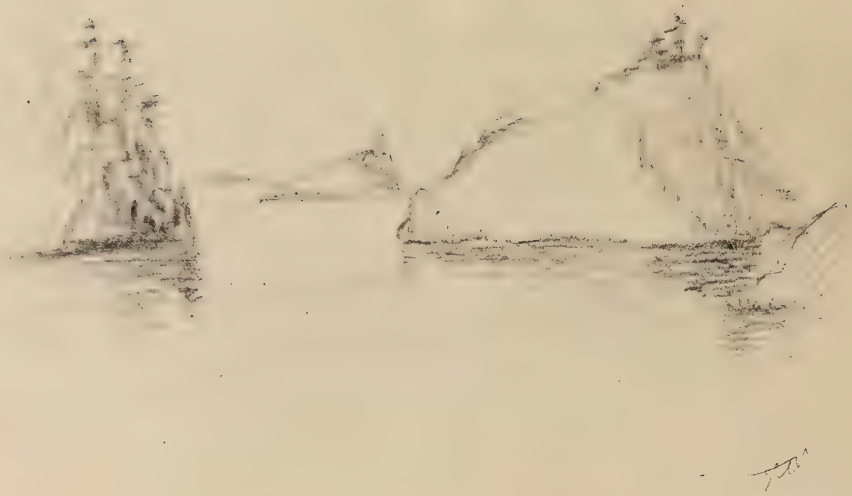
A west wind was blowing as they came into Saratoga Passage. The grain fields of Whidby were yellow almost down to the sea. The white-furrowed dome of Mt. Baker rose above the roofs of the Cascades. Standing on the fore-deck, the Philosopher pointed out the open lands set with little oak groves which Vancouver, when he first saw the island, described as English countryside.

"Not far from there," the Philosopher added, "Colonel Ebey built the first settlement on the Sound after the one at Tumwater."

They now picked up to starboard the La Conner Flats and the mouths of the Skagit. Farmhouses on the mainland showed through the notch between Ika and Goat Islands. Aboard a vessel, one would scarcely have suspected what rich hinterland lay there, for, in spring, one can

look down from the highline road between Mt. Vernon and Anacortes and see men and teams no bigger than flies seeding the black soil of the Beaver Marshes. And in autumn the fields are dotted with thousands of oat sheaves.

Almost before they realized, they were drawn into that confusion of tiderips which is the eastern entrance to Deception Pass. There was a thrilling uncertainty of where the magic gates would part, whether to west or north or east. The forest gloom threatened down, and all about was an ominous swirl and sullenness. One felt like some son of the Achaens entering the perilous straits, for no sooner had a passage gleamed through to the west than it was blocked by a brown island, and already the shore astern had closed in upon their wake. As they were drawn into the narrower Pass they saw to port the overhang of matted firs and the Scylla of dark walls where the sea sucked at the hollows; and to starboard the Charybdis of deepening pools with sides of whirling water, green, translucent, sinister, pools which quickly filled again or which rose and collapsed and spread away into far-flung



Deception Pass

surreptitious currents. The little vessel ran with the tide. Rolling and unsteady, she emerged, or was shot out rather, into the broad swell of Rosario Strait.

The Skipper, who had kept steadily at the wheel, and who held all engine power in a certain contempt, now ordered up the foresail.

"We're in a beam wind and we can help the engine," he said cryptically.

The Skipper was, perhaps, designing in this, for coming up Saratoga Passage, the Bo'-sun had noticed him leave the pilot house for a moment and go to the rigging, with a tug at the halyards and a critical glance aloft.

"Cast off the stops!" he ordered the Bo'sun.

The Philosopher hurried forward to tell the Bo'sun what was meant. Each man took a halyard and, together, they hoisted the sail better than halfway when something went wrong.

"Take the wheel, Bo'sun, till I get out there!" called the Skipper.

The sail was up shortly. Then ensued a vivid colloquy, the wiry Skipper gesturing with his pipe in his hand.

"Watson never did know how to rig a ship," the Skipper blared out.

To the Philosopher's gesture of protest, he continued, "Any man ought to know that double lifts on a foresail with lazy jacks are too clumsy. Why, even a big Gloucester fisherman doesn't do it. Rig a wire from the end of your boom in place of those double lifts, then you'll have something!"

Coming back to take the wheel, the Philosopher said to the Bo'sun, "As usual, he has to have his own way. The longer I know the Skipper, the more he reminds me of the Presbyterian preacher who was always squabbling with the Methodist as to how God Almighty wanted things done. They were reconciled finally, and knelt down to pray. When they got up, the Presbyterian took the other's hand and said, 'It's understood then, brother, we shall now carry on God's work together, peaceably, you in your way and I—in God's way!' "

The *Quadra* was set for Lopez Pass. The wind whipped joyously into her foresail and she

was beginning to feel under her the long roll of the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

"When you get north of Deception Pass, among these islands, you are in an obviously different world," said the Philosopher. "You lose the monotony of grey sand-cliffs. The forests are not so sombre. And it doesn't rain often."

The rainfall does indeed diminish as one goes northward. The winds of Puget Sound are from the sea and prevailing southwest, so that those which blow in across the open country and the rising foothills of the southern Olympics make the Nisqually lowlands more rainy for example than Seattle, though even these are less rainy than many parts of the Atlantic seaboard. Farther north, however, the wet winds lose their moisture against the western slopes of the Olympics and regions in the lee of these mountains, such as the San Juan Islands, are noticeably drier. In the valley of the Dungeness, one even finds irrigation ditches bordering the roadsides and hears the pleasant ripple of water among the wheat.

Also, as one sails north and west beyond Rosario Strait, one first becomes aware of the foundations of the Sound Country. They are built of sedimentary and intruded igneous rock which endured the Ice Age. Here, they are wonderfully folded and glaciated. However, in the central and southern Sound the same rock is buried beneath glacial drift, thousands of feet deep. These wonderful islands in the north are really the summits of submerged mountains whose bases are hidden in the débris of glaciers and whose higher slopes are washed by the cool of the sea. The vistas from shipboard are often such as one gets on looking down the folds of some Alpine valley.

"We can fling a biscuit across here!" remarked the Bo'sun, as they approached an incredibly narrow passage, where the sandspit of Lopez Island with its desolate cabin reached out toward the wall of Frost Island. The Skipper carried the bowsprit almost into the rocks before he put the wheel hard over and the *Quadra* emerged safely into Harney Channel.

Here they had an excellent view of that lofty

ridge pole of the San Juans, Mt. Constitution. It is not so dramatic as any one of a thousand crests of the Olympics or of the Cascades but it has that fine rounded, reposeful contour which one finds among the White Mountains and the New England hills.

"I have often thought," said the Skipper, "how, after the devil of a time the explorers had to find their way into Puget Sound in the first place, they must have been at their wit's end among these islands! We're now entering the North Sea. Here's Norway and Sweden. There's Denmark. Right here looks like the Skagerrak!"

It is the fascination of this region that, by reason of such endless labyrinths of water, the land continually dissolves and renews itself before one's eyes. As though for one's awesome pleasure capes and peninsulas part into islands and fuse slowly together again; miniature continents like Lopez and Orcas and San Juan grow more bewildering with the turn of every headland; low mounds of rock with dwarfed and windswept firs, and other and lesser islands no

bigger than a Brobdignag's thumb, rise out of the sea, creep up abeam and then drift quietly astern.

One passes those strange congregations of piling inshore known as fishtraps and sometimes a logboom in the tow of its little tug. The logs are sure to be spotted with gulls which always have the look of so many tramps riding on a through freight. Cormorants and dusky coots and sea-parrots fly up on every hand, and flocks of Indian ducks which take to the water like seals.

At the head of nearly every bay and fjord one sees low fields, a cluster of white buildings, a schoolhouse, a church-spire, a warehouse with gulls on the roof. Bare shores have over them the beautiful softness of sere grass, as though some pale sea had broken there and the yellow foam were wasting back down the rocks. "My tawny islands," the Philosopher called them.

As one sails close to shore, one discovers even from deck what richness is in these waters. The crevices and caves of the rocks and the little pools have a multitudinous life, jellyfish like frail parachutes, sea anemones, sea cucumbers, and in-

East Sound, Orcas Island

numerable scurrying crabs. Starfish of many hues, purple, orange, salmon and lavender with purple tips, cling to the dark rocks. In such high latitude with twelve-foot tides, and with such a mild climate and sheltered water, the fauna and flora from both the north and the south mingle here, and so make of these islands a unique garden of the sea.

When the *Quadra* had cleared Orcas Island and made Pole Pass, the Philosopher pointed back to a low, windtorn fir, clinging like a Japanese cypress, to a scarp of the shore.

"By that old fir," said he, "I've laid my course through these waters for twenty years!"

They were now heading across the International Boundary for the Pender Islands. On entering the Strait of Georgia, one is again sensible of a change, though even more subtle than south of Deception Pass. Between Deception Pass and the Boundary, such islands as Orcas and Stuart and Spieden are exposed to the ocean winds of Juan de Fuca. Their evergreen forests have a certain flat and horizontal quality unlike the lofty and more pointed forests to the

south, as though the roof of the forest, like the rocks on which they stand, had been glaciated. Everything is harsh, angular, ungothic. What with the browned rocks and the sinewy, madder-brown stems of the madronas and the tortured firs, one is continually coming upon Japanese landscape.

"You miss the quaint fishing villages of the Inland Sea, but this is so like Japan that I often expect to hail a junk rounding one of these capes," said the Philosopher.

The change, however, which characterizes the waters north of the Boundary, is the softening of the island contours. And at nearer range one observes that the forests, being less swept by the winds, stand more erect and stately.

At the close of the long afternoon they made the little cove of South Pender in British territory and cast anchor under the shadow of grey overhanging cliffs. The opposite shore was set with clumpy madronas whose glossy foliage, scattered through with yellowing leaves, gave them at sunset the beauty of orange groves. There was no sound save the clatter of goats on

the rocks above. One never feels so much the adventurer as when one comes at evening into such little harbors, beyond civilization—the quieting engine or furling sail, the startling of wild-fowl, the slow swing of the vessel, the splash of the lead, and when one has dropped anchor, the pouring silence and mystery of the forest.

"You may not believe it," said the Philosopher to the Bo'sun, "but there is a farm up there behind those cliffs, a Happy Valley which might have been the scene of Rasselas."

"Yes," added the Skipper, as he dug his pipe into his tobacco pouch, "I knew the family before the War. I had planned we should look them up."

And so after mess and a quiet pipe, the ship's full complement, armed with a flashlight, rowed ashore and took the lonely road which led above the water. The sun had dropped, leaving a purple sea and sombre trees and night-jars wheeling overhead. They could see sheer below them the light on the *Quadra's* foremast, burning like a red coal. When they had gained the top of the cliff, they descended under great firs

to a pasture where they heard the sound of cow-bells. Crossing the valley, which was but a few fields wide, they were about to turn up the path when they saw two figures, arm in arm, walking slowly in the twilight.

"They?" whispered the Philosopher.

It was they, a man straight as an arrow for all his sixty years and his wife with a narrow band about her brow like a native princess. They wore old clothes, clothes of the field and both were in moccasins.

"Can it be this is you?" they greeted the Skipper graciously. As they spoke, the Bo'sun started, for such beauty of English speech he had seldom heard. Clothes of the field, moccasins, half-wild forest, all were forgotten.

They led their unexpected guests up through the garden tangle to the house whose white gables showed above the trees. They sat on a porch which was cumbered with wild honeysuckle. Canterbury bells grew by the steps and foxglove and fragrant sweetbriar.

"I was on your side two years ago," the man

said. "A friend took me on his boat to Seattle. We went through the locks into fresh water moorings. I had not been to Seattle since before the fire in eighty-nine when I first came out from England. Incredible, incredible, that city!"

"The War has set back the islands?" inquired the Philosopher.

"Very much," the wife replied. "Our men left by the score. It was very hard carrying on and when they returned—some of them," she hesitated, "were very different."

"The service holds the islands back now," the husband added. "If one have only three boats a week in summer and fewer in winter, one cannot get on very fast, can one? Yet," after a moment's silence, "these islands have a charm, a freedom. We had another example of it just lately. The Worthingtons came to North Pender Island a few years ago, nice people, you know, she, very musical, played beautifully, liked concerts and all that sort of thing. And of course, she wouldn't stay. They sold out and returned to England with their piano. Now they're back

again. They're living up on Galiano Island. England has changed you know. I wouldn't care to go back permanently."

At this, a young lady appeared in the doorway, a daughter whom the Skipper had not seen since she was a child. After the greeting, she drew forth her cigarette paper.

"Do have one of these," said the Bo'sun as he rose and offered a Chesterfield.

"Thanks awfully," she replied, "one does get tired rolling one's own all the time."

Then the young lady disappeared and brought presently from the cellar, a bottle. "From our own grapes on the hillside," the father remarked.

"Now you Americans," said the mother, with feminine curiosity, "what do you think of Prohibition—seriously, I mean?"

Many things were then said of prohibition, as the little company sat and smoked in the twilight.

When the Skipper came down the garden path, he turned to his companions, "Do you know, when I visited them last, ten years ago, one of their relatives, a young lord, had come out from England to summer with them. The daughters

had him in the kitchen with an apron on. They were teaching him to wash dishes!"

Next morning, the Bo'sun's was the first head to emerge from the companionway. The dinghy was swinging from the davits softly as a cradle. Crows were quarrelling on the beach. A fog was trailing in from the south and when the sun came over the cliff, the farther shore grew luminous and silvery. The madronas stood ghostly white like designs on an Oriental screen.

When the Philosopher and Skipper came on deck, it was decided that, instead of a general plunge, they would perform this rite vicariously, by the Bo'sun.

The latter's teeth chattered as the Skipper rowed him ashore and set him down with an admonition to "run up the road a ways in your pajamas and warm yourself." Carefully depositing his day's clothes on the beach, the Bo'sun jogged out of sight. When he had gone a quarter of a mile, he was stabbed by a sudden thought.

"Ye gods, the goats—and my trousers!"

He wheeled and as he came down the road, panting, he saw the Skipper who, having sensed

the danger, had hurried ashore again. Facing him as though at bay, were two goats whose semi-rotary jaws boded no good for any bo'sun witless enough to land in those parts and forget his trousers.

After breakfast, the crew explored ashore and lay awhile under the green and gold madronas, then they turned their faces north again.

"All ready to heave in!" ordered the Skipper.

The Bo'sun, greatly refreshed from his morning, hauled up the anchor with a will. The *Quadra* swung about to round the Pender Islands to the south and make into Plumper Sound. Here a panorama of mountains opened before them. The snow-patched Olympics were etched against the farthest possible southwestern sky. Nearer and to the southeast, they saw the long back of Mt. Constitution. Then still farther south, Mt. Baker which rose magnificently out of the sweep of the sea.

They soon passed Boot Cove where black, pink-legged sea pigeons nested in the cliffs, and headed up that long northwest reach of water

through Navy Channel which opens into Trincomali.

"An old chap named Gray used to live back of yonder apple trees," said the Skipper to the Bo'sun, when they had reached part way up the Channel.

"Gray is dead now but he married a squaw and had two beautiful daughters by her. The funny thing was he always prided himself on his Kentucky blood. When the War broke out and before we got into it, Gray thought he ought to get naturalized in the Dominion. But when his papers came to Victoria, they told him he had been born in Mexico. 'Hell, if I didn't find I was a greaser!' he used to say."

By early afternoon the *Quadra* came under the cliffs of Trincomali, those long masonry-like strata of dull sandstone brushed by spirea bloom which lend the west shore of Galiano Island their unique charm. Slowly the little vessel drove on while this straight shored island seemed to pass in stately review before them.

"It is surprising," said the Philosopher, "how

many Spanish names still cling to these islands. Galiano and Valdez are examples. These cliffs, however, were named Trincomali after the city in Ceylon. The British up here didn't take their christenings so seriously as Vancouver did when he explored Puget Sound. One of these passages is called Welcome Pass to commemorate the day in 1860 when some crew got the news that a certain horse, Thormanby, had won the Derby. Buccaneer Bay was named for a horse that did not win the Derby. And Merry Island was named for a man who owned the horse that won the Derby!"

"But, shall we find 'Old Sticks' at the Porlier Lighthouse?" interrupted the Skipper.

They were approaching the Pass. There was more tenseness aboard. The country grew more savage. It had the far wildness of the Sound Country but not its tenderness. On either side were treacherous shores and hidden rocks with kelp streaming from them like a mænad's hair. The water spread away treacherously smooth. A menace was in the very sky as of impending storm and suddenly, on passing Romulus Rock,

one saw the distant, almost sinister, gleam of Howe Sound and the ghostly forms of the Cascades. The Pass was dotted with Indians trolling for salmon.

"That's 'Sticks'!" called the Skipper, meaning an old man in an Indian canoe. "Overhaul him!"

As the *Quadra* crept closer, the Philosopher went for'd and, hanging to the forestay, engaged the supposed "Sticks" in conversation. The Skipper couldn't leave the wheel for a moment, and the Bo'sun stood by.

Finally the Philosopher came aft. "He's only an Indian—he doesn't know 'Sticks'—and he hasn't any salmon."

The klaxton failed to bring forth "Old Sticks" but the doorway of every shack near the Lighthouse was crowded with Indian faces. The British flag made a dash of color in the scene.

"Shall we anchor in the bight?" asked the Skipper.

"We can't, we've no mooring lines," said the Philosopher.

In disappointment, the Skipper brought the

Quadra about and she was swept back again past Romulus Rock on the rush of the tide.

"Sorry we hadn't a mooring line. I could have put her in," said the Skipper. " 'Old Sticks' used to say I was one of the few men who knew how to get in and out there without trouble. You stand in boldly between the broken walls, drop your anchor in mid-stream with good way on, slacking the chain as you come abreast of a certain rock. You hold a turn on the anchor chain and starboard your helm hard over. That brings her quickly around. Then it needs only a turn or two of the engine astern to take up the slack of the chain. That puts you parallel with the banks all ready to throw out mooring lines from each quarter to the shore."

"I wish we could've done it," mused the Philosopher, "and then headed in the morning for Jervis Inlet. Or we could have gone into the very heart of those Cascades across Howe Sound, waterfalls all but plunging to your deck and" —as though for the Bo'sun's benefit—"twenty-four inch rainbows in the mouth of a little river

—but you have some case, or some business deal, or other foolishness—always the way!"

Having attained their farthest north, they decided to make for Cadboro Bay and Victoria, through the Sansum Narrows. The Philosopher went below with the chart. After walking the rule across it a couple of times he called up the course to the Skipper, "South by East!"

Once into Houston Passage, the Skipper pointed out the entrance to the Narrows then turned the wheel over to the Bo'sun. The Philosopher lounged in his deck chair. The Skipper stretched himself on the port side of the cabin for a snooze. Here was the beauty of winding water, high fir-grown cliffs, beckoning coves, meadows, and, at the western end of Saltspring Island, tawny hillsides with oakgroves like those on the shores of Whidby.

Emerging from the Narrows, they came out into the glassy reach of Sydney Channel. The Bo'sun flung himself in front of the forehatch to get nearer the sea and to watch the curl of the foam. Japanese islands began rising again in

the sunset. Mt. Baker was ghostly white. The northernmost peaks of the Olympics were a glory of sunlit snow. Across the sky above Vancouver Island the sun trailed after it a tissue of pale gold.

Cadboro Bay where they anchored at dusk may be called the back entrance to Victoria. As you approach the city by the usual route from across the Strait of Juan de Fuca it rises alluringly above low, rocky shores. You see the authentic foreign note of the Dunsmuir castle, a cathedral tower and the grey sprawl of the Parliament buildings with their green domes. The fir bristly mound of Little Saanich Mountain and the white dash of its Observatory suggest a wilder beauty than that of the Sound. Even the Olympics south of the Strait seem more menacing. The very foundations of the city are bare rock, hard and fiercely glaciated.

The moment you step from the steamer you feel something different in the atmosphere. Before you, as in a great park, are disposed in manner orderly the château-like Empress Hotel with its rose gardens, the Customs, the wide

lawns before the Parliament, the bronze statue of the Empress Victoria, the captured German howitzers and over all, the British flag.

As you walk along Government Street, you discover bits of old England on every hand. Bobbies guard the more important corners. Greyhaired men pedal by on wheels with all the gusto of the nineties. Frequently you meet an East Indian, usually a Sikh, in his dingy turban. Here and there you recognize that slender woman's figure of the swinging gait, the low-heeled Oxfords, the woolen suit, the blue eyes and high color which are unmistakably English. The laborer wears his inevitable mustache and cap and pipe, as though he were in Liverpool or Manchester. In the pastry windows are kidney-pies and crumpets and eccles and jam tarts and loaf cakes. The clothiers carry tweeds and woolens such as one seldom finds elsewhere on the Coast. Antique shops abound. Along Fort Street, you may pick over the wreckage of more than one English estate.

However, the real charm of the city is in its homes and gardens. A stroll through old resi-

dential Victoria is a heart's delight of hedges and house gables set upon rocky knolls or among spreading oaks. From the region of Rockland Avenue almost all the way out to Gonzales Hill, you see walks winding through trees, and quiet grounds where a Chinese gardner sometimes steals like a shadow across the lawn. And on summer afternoons from behind many a battlemented hedge you will hear a sound of tennis, the rush of feet and frou of skirts, and the punging of balls in wholesome English fashion. Later, Chinese boys will serve tea under the oaks; friends will look in or perhaps tarry a while; and there will be gossip of all the continents.

When the Skipper thrust his head above the companionway next morning, he declared after his two days of commendable restraint that this was to be his day.

"Today," said he, "we sail!"

With fine generosity, the Philosopher answered, "Skipper, the day is yours."

Instantly he went into action with the Bo'sun scrambling for'd and the Philosopher himself taking orders manfully. By the time the anchor

A Street, Victoria

had broken, the Skipper had every stitch of sail on. It was an idle wind but his eye had caught the whitecaps beyond Jemmy Jones Island.

"A good sign," the Skipper commented. "Now Bo'sun, whistle for a little breeze!"

The moment the *Quadra* had tacked out past the reef of Jemmy Jones Island she dived into the surge of a heavy sea. There was the kick and slap of lively canvas which always sets the nerves tingling. Straight for Port Angeles they laid their course. The westerly gale freshened to about thirty miles. Suddenly there was a crash and clatter below deck and the Bo'sun saw the Philosopher on his knees gathering up a half dozen tomato cans which had burst from the pantry.

"Look to the ports again, Bo'sun; see that every one is tight," ordered the Skipper.

The Philosopher stood near the wheel for he had never tried the *Quadra* under full canvas in so stiff a breeze.

"She runs like a scared dog!" said the Skipper. "I never handled a better craft of her size.

If only we had an honest-to-goodness topsail and a main gaff, you'd see!"

The Bo'sun dared not reclaim his usual place on the fore hatch for she was running now with her port scuppers awash half the time, and kept burying her nose in a smother of foam.

As she took a tremendous plunge, the Skipper burst out into an old clipper song,

> "Then talk of your Blackballs
> And your old Green Line;
> She's a Liverpool packet,
> Great God, how she shines!"

And in hoarse voices, forgetting all dignity, the Philosopher and the unsteady Bo'sun joined in the refrain and sang it again and again into the teeth of the wind.

Overhead was the glorious sky and, in their faces the Olympics, stalking across the water to meet them; and rolling in forever from the west, the foamy sea, in endless, billowy, satin folds. It was a day of wonderful mirage. To the southwest, Mt. Erie on Fidalgo Island became an acropolis. The south shore of San Juan Island was set with a line of clean stemmed trees

like a French roadside. Out the Straits to the west came and went great square-rigged ships and domes and torii and truncated pagodas, pale blue and ethereal. Baker and Whitehorse stood solidly in the east, and for the first time, Rainier loomed up in the south.

Far to the southeast, they could see the long ridge which sheltered that picturesque and, for a long time, luckless city of Port Townsend. How many captains and ships, long passed, had tacked across this same Strait under full sail, in wilder weather, in sight of those same mountains, seeking the shelter of the Pt. Wilson and Marrowstone Lights? As Steilacoom was the promise of the fifties and sixties, so Port Townsend was the promise of the eighties, for it seemed predestined by Nature that a railroad should follow tidewater along the Olympics to the Strait and there meet the commerce of the Orient. Rail charges, men believed, would always be cheaper than the towage of sailing ships up the Sound. Its half-empty brick and stone buildings beside the water, its desolate fountain and the stairways leading to its upper table-lands, its frame,

weatherbeaten houses with Victorian embroideries, all tell of a city struck down in its youth. It was once the great Port of Entry to Puget Sound. Water Street was then a bedlam of boarding houses and shops and saloons. John Muir, who saw the place in the eighties, tells of its masters in uniform, its many brokers and ship-chandlers, the babel of strange languages, and the Indians, in their canoes, stealing in and out under the figureheads, trading with the seamen.

The panic of the nineties blasted Port Townsend as it almost did Tacoma. Yet shipping men clung to it. On the plateau, you pass more than one house with a tower where old captains once lived and watched the comings and goings of the ships. And now, in the lower curve of the bay, you can see a great pulp mill with plumes of white smoke blowing back against whiter mountains. It has been but recently built. Port Townsend may yet come into its own.

The Philosopher and the Skipper decided against going too far down the Strait. There

was, however, some question of how difficult it would be to tack ship, with only a raw Bo'sun to help with the sail.

Suddenly, he ordered, "Stand by! Hard alee!"

The Philosopher stood by the backstays. The Bo'sun thereupon began to slack the main sheet.

"What the—!" bawled the Skipper as he thrust his head through the pilot house. "Hold her, don't you see she's still in the wind's eye?"

"Aye, aye, sir," echoed the Bo'sun feebly.

"Let go!" the Skipper sang out in a moment, but the Bo'sun held on.

"What are you waiting for, there?" his head again through the window. "Let go the sheet, quick, haul in that port jib sheet!"

And while the Philosopher was performing philosophically, the Bo'sun scurried around the wheelhouse on his hands and knees, thrust one arm inside the Pilot's window for safety, and with an eye on the rushing sea, laid hold of the sheet and hauled it home.

With the afternoon waning, they decided to run off before the breeze for Roche Harbor on

the north shore of San Juan Island. In all these waters there is no place more fascinating. A fine old gentleman welcomes you and shows you about with boyish enthusiasm. It is he who has made Roche Harbor a synonym for lime. There are limewashed houses and a little white church against the hill. The trunks of the madrona trees are whitened with lime. The Company's boat is the *Calcite*. In the garden are cobias which have climbed to the top of a chimney, and dahlias as large as your hat, and hollyhocks, taller than a man's reach, all, you are jovially assured produced on lime! The Hotel de Haro which is almost covered with vines, has boasted the same Japanese cook for thirty years. And beside it is the barbecue court with its monstrous fireplace.

"Only last week," said the old gentleman, showing the Philosopher and the Bo'sun, "I broiled a whole pig on that spit and fed it to a party of Britishers from Victoria."

"Wasn't it a pig that nearly lost us this island?" recalled the Bo'sun.

"The pig I served those Britishers, young

man," he said, shaking his cane, "was a lineal descendant of the one that tore up the potato patch!"

They rejoined the Skipper on the wharf. The evening had turned the little harbor into a colored sea which flowed away under a Hiroshige bridge. Sea-pigeons floated as on a magic pool and the gulls soaring aloft seemed to have wings stained with purple. Over Vancouver Island the sky was blazoned with gold. A sickle of moon hung above the trees. The Philosopher was so touched with the scene that he quoted with unexpected sentiment:

> "Our old moon put his horns away, and the dark nights were three,
> There danced a girl moon through the clouds, pallid as ivory!"

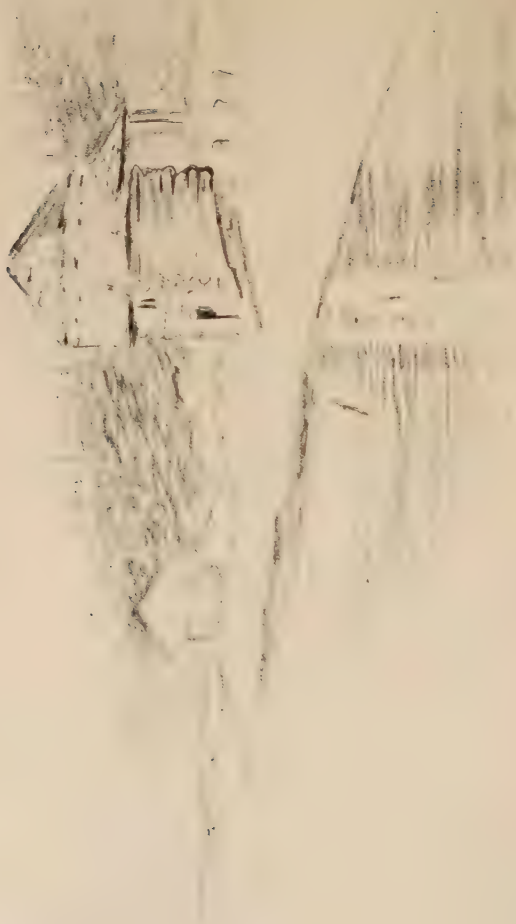
The next morning the three men made a historical pilgrimage to English Camp. They left the highroad after a few miles and descended toward the shore of Garrison Bay. Here they came upon ruins of officers' quarters hidden under English ivy. An avenue of Douglas firs, set out during the occupation, leads down from the

quarters to the parade ground by the water. The American, who later took up a homestead here, planted this level place to orchard. The barracks with white clapboards and sagging roof stand among the trees. A daughter of this pioneer unlocked the door and showed her visitors the broken mess-table and benches, the bookshelf carved with a jack-knife, the gun-racks with numbers still legible, and the box filled with Rhine-wine bottles. In another room she pointed proudly to the yoke which had brought her father across the plains.

"There is a great deal of history in this old room," reflected the Philosopher. "It was the ox-yoke that drove the British out!"

On the shore is a block-house built by the English as a protection against both Indians and Americans. The square floor-hole is worn smooth where the red-coats rubbed through it as they crawled up and down for sentry duty.

Things looked very serious here at one time. It was the last dispute on Puget Sound between the United States and Great Britain. As on the Nisqually Plains, so upon this island which both



countries claimed under the Boundary Line Treaty, the Hudson's Bay men and the American settlers became rivals for possession.

When, in 1859, a British pig was shot in an American potato patch, and the offender defied Sir James Douglas to arrest him and take him to Victoria for trial, Captain Pickett hurried his company of infantry across from Bellingham. Sir James countered with three warships. Jasper Johnson, the young Revere, published his call, "To Arms!" Colonel Casey disembarked three companies from Ft. Steilacoom under cover of a heavy fog. Finally, the powers agreed upon a joint occupation and the settlers lived a happy, tax-free existence until Emperor William I of Germany in 1873 arbitrated the island to the United States.

Leaving English Camp and returning to Roche Harbor, the crew of the *Quadra* once more got under way. They sailed out past the tawny slopes of Speiden Island and headed south down San Juan Channel. The snowy summit of Baker rose like a moon over the shoulder of Mt. Constitution. Through the afternoon

they threaded their way among the islands steadily southward with their course laid for Deception Pass.

With fore and mainsail up, the little schooner met the tide full on in the Pass, but never for a moment faltered. "She walked right through," to quote the Skipper. In the face of a stiff wind which whipped out of the Strait across the low neck of Whidby, she beat her course, home.

As the Bo'sun looked back into his little cabin where lately his things had been strewn about and heard again the soft chime of the ship's clock, he realized why masters come after a while to regard their ships with almost human affection.

XI

OUT OF THE PRESENT

Life on Puget Sound is in that unfinished but interesting age where the pageant of discovery and early settlement is rapidly receding and where, at the same time, one may discern the growth of a more mature though no less distinctive society.

These shores have not yet lost their wildness. The skylines are ragged. The timber slashing is a part of every countryside. In less than an hour's journey from brilliant streets and galleries of art one can stand in the solitude of forests, or look upon mountain fastnesses which few, if any, men have ever attained. And the cities themselves, however beautiful, have upon them still the marks of their youth.

Adventure, nonetheless, is going out of the country. Before many years, thanks to the in-

geniousness of modern travel and to the ever growing numbers of new people, scarcely any of these hidden places of Nature will be safe from profanation. If, for instance, you would climb that westernmost peak, Mt. Olympus, you must still spend several days going in through the great firs from Hood's Canal or from the Strait of Juan de Fuca. But one evening not so long ago, an aviator left Seattle after dinner and flew into the sunset. He watched the light die upon the open Pacific, then circled this almost inaccessible summit, white in its Arctic silence, and returned to his landing-field before dark. Indeed, one of the transcontinental railways is already reaching into the forest far north of Gray's Harbor and soon an automobile road will have been completed around the whole Olympic Peninsula. This, which is now the country's ultimate wilderness, will soon echo with locomotive whistles and the thunder of falling timber; and those almost mythical rivers flowing down to the sea, the Bogachiel, the Hoh and the Quinault, will furnish camp sites for the gypsy tourist. Not content, a Board of Commissioners has cruised

still another road, almost diagonally across the Peninsula, and one of its members, describing recently a meadow on the upper Quinault, wrote that its sides "are formed by enormous mountain walls; the floor is carpeted with high grass; and a wide variety of native trees and shrubbery gives it the appearance of a magnificent park developed by highly skilled landscape artists. At the back, a waterfall of several hundred feet pours down from a glacier high up on the mountain side." Then he added, alack the day, that such meadows would some time "be utilized as golf links!" He who loves the wilderness knows how rare and how passing are the present days on Puget Sound.

In a spiritual sense, not a little of this country's charm lies in its nearness to its first past. Legend has it that Chief Seattle as a lad was camped with some of his tribe at Restoration Point on Bainbridge Island, when Captain Vancouver anchored there. Men still live who knew Seattle well, and even Chief Leschi. One sometimes meets a pioneer who remembers Michael Simmons and Governor Stevens and Dr. Tolmie.

I once talked with a man, yet living, who had seen Theodore Winthrop.

"As a boy," he said, "I came with the wagon train which Nelson Sargeant led across the Naches Pass in the fall of 1853. We were camped for the night in the Grande Ronde east of The Dalles. I remember Sargeant bringing some men up to our wagons. One of them was a young man, moderately tall, with a light beard. He was pretty well tanned by the sun. He talked to the older men, and my father told me he was a Mr. Winthrop. I never forgot him because he and his companions spent the night in our camp. During our long journey they were the only men whom we had met travelling East. They were going back to all that we had left behind and, young as I was, it made me sick for home."

There is a day in June every year when one may find the Puget Sound pioneers gathered in Seattle on the shore of Lake Washington. The oldest of them are bearded men, often with gnarled hands, and women wearing earrings and cameo brooches. Some are enfeebled and lean

heavily on their canes. During the morning, they crowd into the assembly room of Pioneer Hall; many remain outside to visit. Sometimes you hear mock greetings in Chinook. There is much comparing of ages, inquiries of health, and talk of days long gone. It is the remnant of that hardy breed which wrenched an empire out of this giant hand of Nature, and which, in little more than a generation, changed the face of the country and made it into fields and smoking cities.

At any of these gatherings, you meet characters rich in human interest. For example, under the trees, sits the only survivor of all those who fought in the defense of Seattle during the Indian War. The tall figure by the door was an early schoolmaster. He tells you that with John Muir he made one of the first ascents of Mt. Rainier. A steamboat captain recalls the old *Comet* in the days when "she carried an Indian just for'd of her stern-wheel so as to kick the beam down when it got stuck on dead center!" Another man claims to have been born in a covered wagon soon after the train had crossed the Blue

Mountains into Oregon. There, in broad hat, is the distinguished and beloved historian of the City who helped build the Territorial University in the sixties. And, moving in and out of the crowd is a grizzled, jovial individual, the old-time fiddler who played for white dances when the cities of the Sound were only board-walk villages. "I'm ninety-three," he boasts, "and I am today the oldest dep'ty sheriff in the United States!"

During the afternoon session, the men and women who crossed the plains with ox-teams are given an honored place about the rostrum. There are two or three addresses upon subjects of local history and the telling of stories, often interrupted by the audience. A native son sings "Lighterman Tom" and "My Little Grey Home in the West." Then, as the names are read of those who have died during the last twelve months, a strange hush fells upon all.

The emigrants of the Oregon Trail and of the succeeding decade are rapidly passing. The first pioneers are now all but lost among the new generation, and particularly among the thousands of newcomers, people of a later past, and

about whom hangs no glamour of romance. It is not only the toll of Time, but this coming in of so many families from other states and abroad, that make one realize how the ties which hitherto have bound the life of Puget Sound to its beginnings are fast breaking. It is as though one were looking upon some great vessel whose many lines, one by one, are being cast off and whose prow is slowly turning out to sea.

Living so close to this country's first past has its many surprises. I was once copying the names from the Memorial which commemorates the settlement at Tumwater, when some ladies came by and, pausing at sight of the inscription, one of them exclaimed, "Michael Simmons, why, he was the grandfather of the Simmons who used to be in my school!"

It is a common experience for the stranger who has come to the Sound, or indeed to any part of the New West, to meet persons without ever suspecting how much a part they may be of the local scene and then, from something read or from some chance remark, to learn that his banker, the president of his club, or perhaps his

host at dinner the night before, is next of kin to someone who made history here sixty or seventy years ago. These acquaintances of every day are seen suddenly through another medium. They stand forth in almost heroic light. Before their eyes the fresh process of civilization has been more actively at work possibly than in any other part of America. They, with their immediate forbears, have compassed within their experience what otherwise would be the history of several generations—the whole progress of a modern community from its frontier.

Such a social environment brings one not only into touch again and again with the early development of the country, but what is more profound, into an appreciation of that epic movement of people which first settled these shores and much of the Pacific Coast. One may read the story of it in the lives of men still living, or but recently passed away. Not so long since there was unveiled on the site of his old homestead at Puyallup, a statue of Ezra Meeker. A platform had been built under the trees, almost within arm's reach of the great ivy which once

grew over his cabin. The background was filled with Indians in bright regalia. This venerable pioneer was himself there and, gathered about him, were other men and women who had crossed the continent by covered wagon. When he rose to speak, the band launched into the historic song of the overland emigrants, "Oh then Susannah, don't you cry for me!" As he stood before the assemblage, with the autumn sun falling upon his white windblown hair, one saw a man whose life span reached back beyond the settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Nisqually Plains; a man who, in the summer of 1852, with his young wife and babe, had travelled for five months by ox-team over two thousand miles of trail; who, several months before the almost legendary Winthrop saw the great Mountain reflected in Commencement Bay, had himself looked upon it in the evenglow; and who, possibly more than any other person of this region, had induced the Northern Pacific Railway to build to tidewater on Puget Sound. But one beheld, on such an occasion, more than a picturesque pioneer. He and his aged com-

panions were the last of that shadowy train of peoples which had responded to a mysterious and thrilling impulse. Standing almost within sound of the Pacific they were, indeed, the ultimate symbol of that westward urge which men have known since first they came down out of the Asian highlands—Tartars on their shaggy horses pressing out of China; fairhaired Goths crowding into Northern Europe; Columbus sighting a new continent; heavy wagons lumbering through the passes of the Alleghenies; Thomas Benton, pointing across the plains toward the Rockies, "There is the East, there is India!" In that pageant of the centuries, America, the final episode wherein men were to reach the Western Sea and the Orient!

Certain it is that whatever may be the larger significance of the migration to the Pacific Coast, the coming of the wagons into Old Oregon was, in itself, such a movement of civilized people as the world had never before seen and may never see again. Without a leader, of their own free will, and hungering not after gold, driven though some of them were by panic, these three

hundred and fifty thousand yeomen of the middle border wore an immemorial trail and left it hallowed by twenty thousand graves. In courage, in sacrifice, in vision, and in the results which all men may now read, it was momentous probably beyond any other westward movement of Caucasian peoples, excepting that which brought our civilization to the coast of Virginia and New England. The spread of the colonies from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi was gradual. Families seldom ventured beyond the cabin smoke of those who had settled before them. But the men who resolved to migrate to the Pacific Coast and especially into the Pacific Northwest, left all behind and took their lives in their own hands. Instead of moving in wave beyond wave, they made a matchless and heroic trek across perilous distances which, in many places, remain untenanted to this day. They braved the storms of the Platte, the sight of savage men hovering upon strange horizons, the passes of unknown mountains. This ageless urge toward the West, about which they may have reasoned but little at the time, here ex-

pressed itself in the search for a free and richer soil, and a milder climate, and in that which is ever strong among "marginal men," the desire for new experience. Plenteous lands, kindly skies, adventure, these were visions of insufferable beauty which forever beckoned beyond plain and valley.

That day at Puyallup, as the old pioneer spoke, he turned toward the bower of ivy, and remarked how, by its fibrous roots, it had absorbed much of the substance and had taken the very form of the cabin. His home had indeed become transformed into a living thing, deep rooted and enduring. So these people of the fifties and sixties, however they and their descendants may have been out-numbered by after migrations, have, nonetheless, given caste and color to the whole life of the Pacific Northwest. In the late nineties, the Alaska gold excitement brought through the Puget Sound Country a great and many-colored influx of people. They were of the sort which rushed into California during the forties. As this various human tide ebbed back out of the North, many men re-

mained and established themselves here. Their numbers and wealth gave this region a great impetus and, to some extent, made the cities cosmopolitan. But life was already established and there resulted no such enlivening of adventurous spirits, nor any such invasion of the European and particularly of the Latin races as attended the settlement of California. There, the country had not yet been preëmpted. Many families came into early fortunes. Society matured quickly. This northern coast on the other hand, was occupied by a strongly Anglo-Saxon people whose beginnings were less dramatic, and who developed more slowly and through greater vicissitudes.

In a sense, the destiny of the Pacific Northwest was determined on the banks of the Snake River at old Fort Hall. With each summer Californians rode up out of the Sacramento Valley to picture the terrors of the Snake River crossings and to dissuade the wagons from pushing on into Oregon. Here through the years, were sifted out men of steadfastness and stubborn purpose, men who came with ploughs, and who

looked not for sudden wealth, but were content with the slow yield of the earth. One recalls, in "The Covered Wagon," Jesse Wingate's train arriving at the Fort in its cloud of dust, and "Old Greenwood" stretching his hand toward California, promising that there they "could dig in a day more than a plough could earn in a year"; Wingate warning his men that "To hold a country, you need wheels, you need a plough," then the mutinous grumbling, and at last the decision when one of the men drew a line in the dust of the trail.

"Who's for Oregon?" he shouted; again demanded, as silence fell, "This side for Oregon!"

Nothing has since changed the seriousness and purpose of this people. The thousands who have followed overland in the wake of the pioneers have been, for the most part, Americans out of our own East, our own West. The Scandinavians are the only foreign immigrants who have settled here in numbers. To them Puget Sound is the image of their native land, though with deeper fjords, with denser forest, and without the bitterness of winter. The presence of this

kindred race has intensified rather than lightened the Anglo-Saxon genius.

Certainly, no fitter stage has ever been set for the achievement of a northern people. It is a favorite observation, and one probably of not a little truth, that children grow taller here than their parents who have come from the East. They abound in health and have pink-cheeked English complexions, for the climate is very like that of southern England. In temperament, while they may lack the light and sparkle of the more Latin south, they have yet the singing soul, singing of youth and ambition, and an energy unquenchable. With an industry which is neither interrupted nor impaired by seasonal change, with great natural resources, and with an unguessed commerce across the Pacific, it is not difficult to cast the horoscope of the material future of this new country.

Looking, however, to what is more important, the promise of spiritual achievement, one may believe that at least the æsthetic life of Puget Sound and the Pacific Northwest will be as vital and as individual as that of the California Coast

or any other part of America. In such physical surroundings, it is unlikely to have either the sombreness or the introspection of northern Europe. Nor will it be prevailingly romantic. The exposure here is southern enough to relieve life of its harshness; it is at the same time sufficiently wild and northern to keep men thoughtful, to make them see life steadily and whole.

In any event this new society can scarcely remain uninfluenced by that which, next to a favoring climate, is most evident in its environment, the mountains. Emerson, in concluding one of his lectures to the students at Williams, is said to have remarked, "I should think, young gentlemen, that you would print the names of those mountains in your college catalogue along with the members of the faculty." So here is growing up a youthful and impressionable race which has before it the always inspiring sight of snowy summits and of valleys where "the wild cataract leaps in glory." In picture and legend, Mt. Rainier may become the Fuji of the Puget Sound Country.

More pervasive, though less conscious than

this influence of mass and line, is the quiet and incommunicable beauty of scene which comes from the diffusion of light through a moistened air. The sharpness of chiselled crag and Gothic forest are subdued under a gentle sun. And all color is a thing of dreamfulness, full of subtleties, and ever flowing, ever various and inimitable. Particularly, Puget Sound may be described as a land in pastel.

Indeed, it would seem that against the day when literature and painting and the other Arts are fully come to this far Northwest, there will have been evolved here a people peculiarly fitted, by birth and by environment, for the appreciation and the expression of Beauty. One can understand the prescience of that young woman, born in one of the blockhouses in Seattle during the Indian War, who once exclaimed, "When we are dead and gone, the landscape will bristle with easels!"

The very sublimity of these horizons, however, and especially this suggestive and mystical quality of Nature will long be the challenge and the despair of Art. One sometimes feels that none

but masters should essay its mighty lines or seek to capture its elusive and ethereal beauty; that no one less than a Coleridge can ever write its poetry; or a Wagner, its music; or a Whistler paint its gray lights and liquid dawns.

Yet who would foretell what the American spirit may here bring forth? What magic words may one day evoke these solemn and heroic figures from a past which we are now too near to realize; what symphonies, catch the sigh of the wind among these epic firs; what brush, portray this tenderness of water and land and sky? In the fullness of time this people may well achieve a newer Art which, by reason of its northern genius and the vastness of its scene, will be not only distinctive of its country, but expressive likewise of the greatness and beauty of America.

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